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HOMEWARD BOUND.

OUR trusty, well-beloved friend
Was homeward bound across the sea,
From lonely sojourn in far lands
He came to clasp our clasping hands,
To hear our welcome sweet;
To bring his wanderings to an end
In this dear home with mine and me,
To make my quiet bliss complete.

"I come," he wrote (his letter lies
Before me in the sunshine fair),
"I come with heart content, to see
The joy which God hath given to thee,
My comrade true and tried;
I fain would see it with mine eyes,
I fain would hear thyself declare
How deep thine happiness, how wide.

"I come because I long to see
The bonny English flowers a-bloom,
Because a spirit of unrest
Doth vex my lately-quiet breast
With whispers in my sleep
Of daisied meadow, breezy lea,
Of April sunshine and perfume,
Of heath-clad mountains grey and steep.

"I come because the rolling years
Have stilled the passion of my youth,
Because the rugged path of time
Hath led me up to heights sublime,
And I, who could not see
Thy first great bliss for blinding tears,
I say to-day in honest truth
God's way was best for thee, and me.

"I come to take thine hand, my friend,
To look upon thy sweet wife's face,
To see thy children fond and fair;
To breathe again the blessed air
That fanned me at my birth;
Until (beside thee to the end)
I go from forth my dwelling-place
To find a grave on English earth.

"I come, my friend." Ah me! sweet wife,
What marvel that the tears run down?
What marvel that these tender words
Smite mournfully on true heart-chorus,
Since he, whose thoughts they bear,
He, who had loved us all his life,
Who for love's sake laid down love's crown,
Hath parted from us elsewhere?

He thought to see our happy home,
Our wedded bliss, our children dear,
He thought to see thee by my side,
Who dared not look upon my bride,
Who lov'd thee in his prime:
But o'er his grave, with crests of foam
The wild Atlantic billows rear
Their heads, and make a mournful chime.

He will not see this home of ours,
This little Eden all our own,
He will not bring within our door
An added blessing to love's store

Of cheerful sacrifice;
And to the height of heavenly flowers
Our precious blossoms will have grown
Before they meet his kindly eyes.

He will not see, my sweetest wife,
Thy radiant beauty past its morn,
Nor tender traces of the tears,
The sighs and smiles, the hopes and fears,
Of wife's and mother's care.
If through the mists of failing life,
He saw thy face, it must have worn
The look that I remember there.

The April look of long ago,
When all were young and thou wast free,
And on the hawthorn-bordered way
We loitered in the glad noonday,
Beneath a sapphire sky:
Ah, wife! then dawned love's summer glow,
My beating heart sprang out to thee,
But my true friend went silent by.

He was the worthier of the twain,
His pulses beat as strong as mine,
He looked on thee with lover's eyes,
And never sought to win the prize,
But standing calm apart,
Smiled brotherly upon my gain,
And pressed into my cup of wine
The crush'd, ripe first-fruits of his heart.

Ah, my lost friend! that tender debt
Which we had purposed to repay,
The debt which came with sweet love's birth,
Can never be repaid on earth.
But thou hast surely found
A happy end to life's regret;
God's angel met thee by the way,
And thou, indeed, wast homeward bound!
All the Year Round.

A CHANGE.

WITH wooing voice and dazzling smiles she
glides,
Upon the flowery paths we long to follow,
Her glory on the hill's tall crest abides,
Her music murmurs from the bosky hollow;
She pours her vigor in the eager brain,
She nerves the head with loss and wrong to
cope,
We mock the warning voice of change or pain,
Tracing the footsteps of the angel Hope.

But when the weary height seems almost won,
And the old valley that we loved of yore
Lies far below beneath the setting sun,
The radiance lights the golden head no
more;
The soft wings droop, the ringing accents
falter,
We cling around her feet, we worship yet,
And even as we kneel, we see her altar,
And in her place, back pointing, stands
Regret.

All The Year Round.

From The Quarterly Review.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.*

WITH the publication of the "Aldine" edition of Chatterton's works a long labor, renewed through many years and under various conditions, may be held to be worthily closed. These volumes do not furnish, indeed, nor do they pretend to furnish, so complete a collection as that formed by Southey and Cottle, but they omit no one of his compositions which is necessary to the formation of a correct judgment of his powers, and, as far as may be possible, of his life and character. The chronological arrangement of the poems is probably as complete as it is possible to make it, and in the case of the acknowledged poems such an arrangement has been attempted for the first time. Another alteration of particular importance has also been effected. The "Rowley Poems"—by which title are to be understood all the pieces in prose and verse which Chatterton declared to be transcribed from the old manuscripts found in the Bristol Church, whether by Rowley, Canynge, Turgot, or any other forgotten or fictitious worthy—are here printed, as far as the rhyme and rhythm will allow, in the language of the eighteenth century, the language in which it is clear Chatterton first wrote them, before summoning Bailey and Speght to his aid. Long ago, indeed, both by Warton and by Walpole, the propriety of such an experiment was suggested, and on isolated passages it had been tried at various times by various critics with the happiest result.† But to the editors of these volumes belongs the credit of being

the first to perfect so simple and yet so convincing a proof of the true date and complexion of these poems, and thereby to enable the unlearned or indolent reader to determine their quality for himself, unharassed by the distractions of footnotes and glossaries. From some of Mr. Skeat's conclusions we shall, indeed, venture to differ; but on the whole his essay is a perspicuous and impartial summary of the case, while too much praise can scarcely be given both to the fulness and the discrimination of his notes. Mr. Bell's memoir is careful, complete, and clear. He has enjoyed the fruit of a century's vigilant research and acute conjecture, and he has used his advantage well. That he could bring to light any new fact, or throw fresh color on those already known, was scarcely to be expected. But he has diligently examined, verified, and digested, both the theories and the facts of his predecessors; and, while omitting no detail of importance, he has cleared the truth of much superabundant matter, with which careless or ignorant writers had overloaded it.

And in truth there has been enough of both. From the day when it was first truly known, the melancholy tale has never ceased to interest and to perplex all classes of society. Divines, philosophers, historians, poets, critics, wits, have all at various times employed their best energies on the mysterious riddle of the poor poet's life. With the edition of 1803, a list was printed of all the works that up to that time had been issued on the subject: editions of Chatterton, editions of Rowley, and contributions to that remarkable controversy which, even more than his own original and striking powers, has helped to keep the name of Chatterton green. In that list, which ranges over a period of twenty-five years, no less than twenty-eight such works appear, many of which ran rapidly through several editions; and this, even if complete of its kind, does not include an innumerable and nameless host of magazine articles, tributary odes, critical and moral disquisitions. And since that time the list has been steadily increasing. Within the last forty years three new

* 1. *The Works of Thomas Chatterton. With his Life*, By G. Gregory, D.D. 3 vols. London, 1803.

[This is the most complete edition that has been yet published. It embraces every contribution to the London periodicals that has been traced to Chatterton's hand, including some with which it is very doubtful that he had anything to do. The "Works" were edited by Southey and Cottle; the "Life" only is by Dr. Gregory.]

2. *The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton. With an Essay on the Rowley Poems*, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; and a Memoir by Edward Bell, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. The Aldine Edition of the British Poets. 2 vols. London, 1875.

† See the works of Professors Masson and Wilson, *passim*.

editions of Chatterton's works have been published, two in England, and one in America.* To attempt a complete catalogue of all his biographers and critics would be a task, compared to which Mr. Caxton's "History of Human Error" would be the diversion of a summer's day. Campbell has censured him with singular gentleness, and Scott perhaps with still more singular severity. Chalmers has incurred, nor altogether unjustly, a visitation from the pen of Southey, that might have well appeased the proud and injured ghost of Chatterton himself, and Dr. Maitland has suffered scarce less severely at the hands of later critics. Among a crowd of inferior names appear those of Davis, the American traveller; of Dix, the most minute and persevering of chroniclers; and of Henry Neele, whose "Romance of History" Macaulay reviewed, and whose industrious and blameless life deserved a happier close. Within recent years the lively imagination and picturesque style of Professor Masson,† and Professor Wilson's‡ generous enthusiasm and unwearying research, have, each in their turn, contributed to adorn, if not always to elucidate, the subject. It is, indeed, of a piece with all the circumstances of this strange and melancholy history, that, despised and rejected as he was in life, in death Chatterton should have occupied so large a share of the world's notice. But in truth many far greater and more splendid lives — lives that have filled an ampler page in the world's history, and left behind them memories of sweeter and nobler repute — can neither boast a tithe of the romantic interest that belongs to those short and troubled years, nor point a moral at once so painful and so true.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol on the 20th of November, 1752, and died in London, by his own hand, on the 24th of August, 1770, within three months of

completing his eighteenth year. He was, indeed, a plant that, in Johnson's phrase, flowered early. His first poetical composition, which took the shape of some lines upon "The Day of Judgment," was produced at the age of ten. They are not, indeed, very astonishing verses, even for a boy of that tender age. They are much less astonishing, for instance, than the "Pyramus and Thisbe" of Cowley, written at the same age, but they are as good as Pope's "Ode to Solitude," composed at twelve, and but little inferior to Milton's paraphrases from the Psalms, which were the offspring of his sixteenth year. But these plants, though they flowered early, attained a full-blown and luxuriant maturity. The best of Chatterton's work — the work which has secured him his place among the poets — was done before his seventeenth year had passed away. And when the superior advantages of birth and education enjoyed by Milton, Cowley, and Pope, are contrasted with the mean condition of Chatterton's circumstances, the latter is fairly entitled to stand in the front rank of those precocious geniuses, whose early lisplings assumed the harmonious form of numbers.

His parents were of humble birth and obscure station. His father, a clever, idle, dissolute vagabond, was dead when he came into the world, and such education as he possessed he owed in the first instance to his mother. His early training was singularly characteristic of his later studies. He learnt his letters from the illuminated capitals of an old manuscript, and a black-letter Bible taught him to read. Though at the age of five he had been pronounced by his schoolmaster an incorrigible dunce, and for some time after that even his mother had despaired of him, when once the gate of learning was unlocked, his progress was marvelously rapid. When, in his eighth year, he was admitted into that charitable institution which for upwards of a century and a half has been known by the name of its founder, Edward Colston, he complained that he could not learn so much as at home, for his tutors had not books enough to teach him.

At this school he remained seven years.

* Including the Aldine Edition. An edition was published at Cambridge, in 1842, and one at Boston, in 1857.

† Chatterton: a Story of 1770. A new edition. London, 1874.

‡ Chatterton: A Biographical Study. London, 1869.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic formed the only recognized course of instruction; but a catalogue, drawn up in his own hand, of the books he had read before completing his twelfth year, is said to have revealed a wider and more varied range of information. Such partial witnesses to character must always be regarded with suspicion but there is little doubt that, from an early age, Chatterton was a voracious and insatiable reader. The course of his reading was determined at first probably as much by the limits of his choice as by any fixed purpose of study; but his passion for the antique—a passion which with him was even stronger than that which sent Scott to the legends and ballads of the Border—soon began to declare itself. Nor did he confine himself to reading only. His first verses were quickly followed by other pieces, mostly of a satirical turn, directed against obscure individuals, who were either objects of local notoriety, or had contrived in some fashion to offend his boyish prejudices. They are still extant, and may be read in any of the later editions of his works; but they are of interest only as indicating the early bent of his mind towards that class of composition in which, had he lived, he would, we are inclined to think, have attained his chief distinction. But he had now begun in earnest to concentrate his energies on that remarkable conception which was destined to confer so strange and so unenviable an immortality upon his name.

Whence and when the phantom of Rowley first took shape in Chatterton's brain never has been, and never can be, precisely determined. It is doubtful, indeed, whether he himself could have given, if he would, an exact answer to this perplexing question. One thing, however, is certain: he left school in his fifteenth year, in July, 1767, and before he left school he had made his first essay of the credulity of the world.

Among his acquaintances—for he was quick to make acquaintances among his superiors in age and condition—was one Burgum, a pewterer by trade, an honest, illiterate fellow, who had risen by his own exertions from the lowest ranks of life,

but who affected a polite education and a taste for the literature of antiquity. He had been kind to the boy, had lent him books, and occasionally contributed small sums of money to the formation of his scanty library. Him, therefore, Chatterton, with characteristic shrewdness and, it must be added, with characteristic ingratitude, selected for his first experiment. The astonished tradesman was one day informed that he was descended from a Norman family that had settled in England in the train of the Conqueror. The proofs vouchsafed of this remarkable discovery may be read in the British Museum, in the shape of a pedigree styled "An Account of the De Berghams, from the Norman Conquest to this Time." No questions were asked as to the source of this information. The noble pewterer accepted without hesitation the greatness thus suddenly thrust upon him, presented the young herald with five shillings, a larger sum, we may be sure, than he had ever had in his possession before, and there the matter ended for the time. In this production it is to be noted that Rowley makes his first appearance, though not in his later and more familiar guise. Amid a crowd of nobles, statesmen, and warriors of the De Bergham blood, stands out the name of John, a Cistercian monk of Bristol, who had been educated at Oxford, and was accounted one of the greatest wonders of his age. As a proof of his talents his descendant was asked to examine the lines now known as "The Romaunte of the Cnyghte," dated 1320, and transcribed in all their "genuine" orthography, but accompanied, out of consideration for Burgum's ignorance, with a modern version in Chatterton's own schoolboy hand. Shortly after this successful essay the boy left school, and was apprenticed to one Lambert, an attorney.

His worst enemies could scarcely have doomed him to a more cruel fate. If his ardent and ambitious mind recoiled from the routine of a charity-school, it may well have revolted with disgust at the drudgery of a lawyer's office. The hours of work were long, the work itself distasteful, the society rude and uncongenial.

By the terms of the contract Lambert was bound to supply both board and lodging, and Chatterton ate his meals in the kitchen, and slept with the footboy. His whole nature rose up against such a life. He complained to his mother that existence was intolerable; that his master insulted and ill used him; that the studies with which he sought to alleviate the barrenness of his daily task brought him into disgrace and contempt; and that spies were set upon his actions at home and abroad. That there was some truth in these complaints, together with much exaggeration, will be easily understood. The science of the law, and particularly that side of it which is to be seen in an attorney's chambers, has rarely, we believe, been found favorable to the cultivation of the Muses. It is little likely, therefore, that Lambert would show much sympathy with a clerk whose heart was bent on penning stanzas when his business was to engross. Yet, though a hard, he was not an unjust master. He allowed that his pupil did his work well, that he was punctual and diligent, wrote a neat hand, and, for aught he knew to the contrary, was correct and decent in his behavior. Nor, querulous and discontented as the boy was, can he have been altogether unhappy. The office was but little troubled with clients, and for a considerable part of the day his time was practically his own. His body was indeed compelled to take its seat on the clerk's stool, but his spirit was free to wander whithersoever it listed. His mind was his own kingdom, a kingdom peopled with strange fantastic forms, with armed knights and barons bold, with long-robed priests, and store of bright-eyed ladies, —

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

And now the time had come when these disembodied fancies were to take name, and shape, and substance, when this antique pageantry was to be marshalled in order due, and to each actor was to be assigned his proper place and part. On Lambert's shelves, among a crowd of hateful law-books, was one priceless volume, a copy of Camden's "Britannia." From a bookseller in the city he had borrowed Speght's black-letter edition of Chaucer, from which, and from the dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey, he has been proved to have compounded that heterogeneous diction, which in the

opinion of so many learned critics determined the reality of Rowley. He had access, moreover, to the Bristol Library, where he could consult such works as Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of the Britons," Holinshed's "Chronicles," and Fuller's "Church History." Every spare moment was now devoted to the elaboration of his great idea, either in the office, or in the more congenial secrecy of his own little garret, during the few hours he was permitted to pass under his mother's roof. His powers of application were indeed something extraordinary. While still a lad at school, his mother complained that she could never entice him even to his meals from his mysterious studies. It was known that he would often work far into the night. His room was in a perpetual litter of papers and manuscripts, which none were suffered to examine or disturb; some in his own handwriting, and some bearing to inexperienced eyes all the semblance of a venerable antiquity.* What was the purport of this work, so eagerly pursued and so jealously guarded, neither his mother nor any of his family seem to have made it their business to discover. Though in after years these details were paraded as proof of the early conception and execution of the Rowley scheme, the only idea his family seem in those days to have entertained was a fear lest from the stains visible on his face and hands, stains which they do not seem in any way to have connected with his studies, he had conceived the notion of joining himself to a gang of gypsies.

Everything was now ready for the prosecution of the scheme thus secretly and laboriously matured. Opportunity only was wanting, and an opportunity was at hand.

In the month of September, 1768, a new bridge was with much parade opened for public traffic at Bristol. A few days afterwards, there appeared in one of the newspapers an account of the ceremonies performed at the inauguration of the original structure, which had spanned the Avon since the days of Henry II. In a short note, signed "Dunhelmus Bristolensis," this account professed to be a literal transcript from an old parchment of that date. Such a document at such a time naturally aroused the keenest curiosity. It was soon traced to Chatterton.

* For the method employed by Chatterton to produce this semblance of antiquity see Dix's "Life," Appendix, p. 313; and Miller's "Rowley Poems," p. 436, note.

An explanation was demanded, and, after some preliminary evasions, was vouchsafed. The parchment, he said, was one of many formerly abstracted by his father from a chest in the muniment-room of St. Mary's Church, and which had lately fallen into his hands. This explanation was considered satisfactory, and here the inquiry ended! The wiseacres of Bristol were content to leave these valuable records of their ancient city in the hands of a boy of fifteen, without any curiosity as to their nature, and were satisfied with his bare word for their existence, and the circumstances of their discovery!

This was the turning-point of his career. Had the inquiry been at once pushed home, the whole tenor of his life would in all human probability have been changed. But his story passed unchallenged and unsuspected, or, if suspected, suspicion, at least in his lifetime, never pointed to the truth. It was indeed averred, many years afterwards, that all Chatterton's acquaintance were not equally credulous, and even that he himself had voluntarily confessed the imposture to more than one person. If these stories are true, it is clear that much of the censure that posterity has passed on Chatterton belongs properly to others, who indeed, by virtue of their age and position, must be pronounced the greater culprits. But on these stories, and indeed on most of the stories circulated after his death, we have always looked with grave suspicion. It is, we think, in the highest degree unlikely that Chatterton would have so freely imparted a secret which it was of the last importance to him to keep, both as a source of present income and, as he conceived, a step to future distinction, or that in a moment of vanity, or, it may be, of confusion, he should have thus prematurely disclosed a scheme so carefully and deliberately planned. On the other hand, nothing is more likely than that the rewards liberally offered at a later period for any information concerning those remarkable productions, which had set all the world of letters by the ears, should have marvellously inspired the memory of a host of friends and contemporaries of him who, according to the spirit of the inquiry, was either author or discoverer. Nor is it likely that, with the consciousness of having once admitted its falsity, he would have so stoutly adhered to his first story, at a time when a full confession would probably not only have saved his life, but have raised him forever above the wretch-

edness and disappointment of his existence.*

That in this story there was an original foundation of truth can, in our opinion, be no longer denied. Indeed, the completeness of the triumph won over the blindness or obstinacy of those who still, in the face of the clearest evidence, maintained their conviction that the poems of Rowley were the genuine work of the fifteenth century has in its turn, as we have always thought, somewhat disturbed the judgment of posterity. Chatterton, it is argued, has been proved to have lied in one instance; is it not therefore clear that he lied in every instance? It is certain that the poems he professed to have discovered among the contents of the old chest were the work of his own hand; is it not therefore equally certain that he discovered nothing? The answer to this part of the argument is very simple. In the muniment-room over the north porch of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe had long stood certain chests, one of which had been known from time immemorial as "Mr. Canynge's cofre." About the year 1727 the locks of this chest were forced and a vast mass of parchments discovered. Such as immediately related to the church were removed by the authorities, but the rest were left to the curiosity of any person who might happen to find his way into the room. From time to time Chatterton's father, whose family connections naturally gave him free access to any part of the building,† carried off large quantities of these parchments, some of which he utilized, according to the testimony of his neighbors, as covers for the copybooks of his school. At his death the remainder were transferred by his widow, along with the other goods of her scanty household, to her new home, and here, in process of time, they fell into the hands of her son.

It is, of course, in the character of these documents that the real gist of the question lies. That they were not, as the boy declared them to be, the literary remains of Thomas Rowley and William Canynge, Bristol worthies of the fifteenth century, all sensible persons have long ago been agreed. Canynge we know to have existed; it is not impossible that Rowley may have existed; but it is as certain that the manuscripts, whether in

* For these stories see Professor Wilson's works, chaps. v. and vi. *passim*.

† The family of the Chattertons had for upwards of a century and a half held the post of sexton to St. Mary's Church. See Professor Wilson, chap. i., p. 2.

prose or verse, exhibited by Chatterton as literal transcripts of these old parchments,* were the work of no human being but Chatterton himself, as it is certain that Vortigern was the work of Ireland, that the rants of Ossian were the work of Macpherson, and that the epistles of Phalaris were not the work of the tyrant of Agrigentum. That they were not mere blank parchments, but contained matter of some value in the judgment of those who originally deposited them in the chest, may with equal safety be assumed, while some of them were at least considered worthy to be placed by their first discoverers among the archives of their church. And there is yet another proof to hand. Among the Rowley manuscripts in the British Museum is one containing four rude portraits from Chatterton's untutored pencil. These portraits are pasted over a piece of parchment containing a quit-claim, or receipt, dated in the tenth year of Henry IV., and given by Will Penesford to Thos. Bottiller, burgess of Bristol in Temple Street. From this discovery Mr. Skeat has drawn the conclusion that, if Chatterton ever saw any genuine documents of the date assigned to Rowley, they were of a legal character which he would have been unable to decipher.† That he saw one genuine document of a legal character this discovery has established, and that he considered it of little account may be inferred from the use to which he relegated it, though we shrewdly suspect Thos. Bottiller stood godfather to his hero Sir Botelier Rumsie, who figures in the fragment of "The Unknown Knight." But the inference that it was wholly unintelligible to him is less easily justified. All the parchments were naturally at first sight beyond his comprehension, but it is certain that before he entered Lambert's chambers he had acquired such a knowledge, however rude and imperfect, of the Saxon phraseology and character, as to enable him to form at least some idea of the nature of his treasures. Nor does the fact that some of these were of a legal nature strike us as a conclusive proof of their incomprehensibility to a clever youth, who for nearly three years of his life passed twelve hours out of every twenty-four in a lawyer's office.

Again, Mr. Skeat, forgetting apparently what he has himself assisted to establish, asserts that Chatterton never set eyes on any genuine manuscript of the fifteenth century, from the blunders made in those of his own fabrication.* But in truth Chatterton was, as he could not but have been, the clumsiest of forgers. Had he not at the outset met with critics more ignorant than himself, he could not have escaped detection for a single day. But he was shrewd enough to discover, at a very early date, that the public of which he was to make his first trial could not claim even his own slight smattering of knowledge. That he blundered no more than he did is, in itself, to our mind, no insignificant proof that he copied from genuine models, the niceties of which he had not the learning to appreciate. When we detect the faults in a schoolboy's Latin essay, we do not rush to the conclusion that he has never read a single line of Cicero or Livy.

Canynge, the patron of Rowley, was, it must never be forgotten, no mere creation of the brain. He was a citizen of Bristol, a wise and active man, who rose to great fame and estate, and was elected mayor of his native city in 1461, an office which he filled on no less than four subsequent occasions. Proofs of his liberality and benevolence exist to the present day in an almshouse or hospital, and in the noble edifice of St. Mary Redcliffe, where his tomb may still be seen. One other, at least, of Chatterton's heroes had in the past a habitation and a name. Sir Charles Bawdin, the hero of "The Bristowe Tragedie," has been identified by learned antiquaries with Sir Baldwin Fulford, a zealous champion of the house of Lancaster, who was executed at Bristol for treason in the first year of Edward IV. The Episcopal registers of Wells and Exeter prove how common in those days the name of Rowley was in the west country, and on a brass plate in St. John's Church might have been read in Chatterton's day, and for aught we know may be read now, the epitaph of Thomas Rowley, a merchant of Bristol, who died on the 23rd of January, 1478.

Is it not then reasonable to suppose that, among the papers stored in the church peculiarly sacred by tradition and association to the memory of Canynge, might have been found some memorials of that worthy citizen, of his contemporaries, and of his native city? The date of

* Part of the "Storie of Wm. Canynge," and another shorter piece were the only poems ever shown by Chatterton in their "original" form. The rest were printed either from transcripts in his own hand, or from copies of such transcripts furnished by his friends.

† See Aldine Edition, vol. i., p. 376.

* See his Essay, Aldine Edition, vol. ii., p. xi.

Chatterton's first introduction to them is uncertain, but we know that his passion for every sort of reading was strong in his eighth year, and we know that they had been in his mother's possession before his birth. We may fairly conclude, then, that he had some acquaintance with them, if no more than a child's acquaintance with its toy, long before he conceived the notion of utilizing them. His favorite play-ground was the noble church, with which his ancestors had been for so many generations associated: his favorite playmates, not the children of his age and station, but the nameless phantoms of a dead and forgotten world: his favorite resting-place, the tomb of the man with whose memory the building that he loved was imperishably linked. Every chance and every circumstance of his childhood united with his taste and with his disposition to shape the fatal course of his life. This church and this tomb were not to him a mere solemn pile of senseless stone, a mere receptacle for a handful of dust, but an inexhaustible storehouse of romance. This marvellous resurrection, these memorials thus strangely rescued from the oblivion of three hundred years, spoke to him like a voice from the grave, they came to him from the very land of his dreams; they showed him the reality of his romance. He did not at first understand the voice. It spoke to him in a language he had never heard, and of things of which he knew nothing, save that they were assuredly symbols of that strange, dead past, which was yet to him more real and lifelike than the dull, unsympathetic present. But his brain was quick and keen, his energy untiring, his determination dauntless. And thus the fiction grew. Day by day some fresh acquisition was added to that wonderful fabric, of which his unaided fancy had laid the first stone. That he ever completely mastered the riddle of this mysterious revelation, it is idle to pretend. Many a clever thought was fathered by the ardent wish: to him knowledge came, a little and a dangerous knowledge, but wisdom lingered. He suffered, indeed, the fate of the slave who dared to conjure with his master's wand. The spirits that he raised he could not control, and they tore him in pieces.

We hold, then, that in these manuscripts, whose secret it is to our mind clear that he had contrived in part to master, Chatterton found certain materials for his design: names of people and places, records, perhaps, or memorials of

events long since forgotten, of usages and customs as dead and done with as the men who had recorded them; that from these the restless fancies of his brain took shape and substance; from these came many of those shrewd touches of reality, those patches, to use a vulgar phrase, of local color, which have sadly perplexed so many learned commentators. They were, in short, to Chatterton in some measure what the old chronicles and Italian romances were to Shakespeare: and such a belief detracts no more from the measure of the young poet's fame, than the knowledge of the source of "Othello" lessens our admiration for that masterpiece of the human intellect.

Among the literary society of Bristol, not, we may reasonably suppose, a very acute or learned society, Chatterton had now become a personage of some importance. George Catcott, Burgum's partner in trade, but considered his superior in intellect; his brother, the Rev. Alexander Catcott, accounted one of the best Hebrew scholars of the day; Barrett, a surgeon, of some pretensions to literature, and at the time engaged on a history of Bristol; and Clayfield, a wealthy distiller; are those whom the boy has rendered conspicuous among his patrons. He fooled them all to the top of their bent. Mr. Canynge's "Cofre" became a very purse of Fortunatus. Week by week some fresh wonder was brought to light; now a piece of poetry for the Catcotts, now some strange scraps of antiquarian lore for Barrett; and all were received with equal faith, read with the same astonishment, and paid with solid pudding no less than with empty praise. Yet, despite his success, the young impostor still remained uneasy, irritable, and discontented. His fits of despondency became longer and more frequent, his temper more imperious, wayward, and disdainful. The worst feature in his character—a strange and peculiarly odious feature in the character of one so young—was his ingratitude. To confer on him a benefit seems but to have made of him an instant and a bitter enemy. With the exception of his mother and sister, he spared no human being. To them, indeed, he was always gentle and affectionate; and his behavior to them, even in his last and darkest hours, forms one of the few bright pictures in his unhappy life. But on all his other friends, and particularly on those to whom he was under the strongest obligations, his pow-

ers of raillery and invective were indiscriminately exercised. In truth, however much we may pity Chatterton, however much we may admire his talents, his spirit, and his industry, whatever excuses we may make for his conduct, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the peevishness and malignancy of his disposition. That he might have been different in different circumstances is very probable. Restless, ambitious, dissatisfied, and impatient; a child in years, but in thought and intellect far older than the men around him; a genius among fools, a poet among clerks and tradesmen, it may well be said of him, as was said of a greater than him, that he required, if ever man required, the firmest and most judicious training. It would not indeed be difficult, despite the differences of birth, of the condition of their lives, and of the qualities of their genius, to draw a parallel between Byron and Chatterton. Both entered prematurely on what one has styled the heritage of woe: in both the poetical faculty was strongly and early developed: both required the most careful supervision, and both lacked it: both had an unsound spot in their minds: both had strong passions and keen susceptibilities: both lived unhappily, and both died before their time.

Twice in his sixteenth year Chatterton attempted to rescue himself from this hateful servitude, and each time he employed the same method that he had hitherto found successful in attracting notice. The first attempt was practised on Dodsley, the publisher of the "Annual Register;" the second on no less a personage than Horace Walpole himself, then in the fulness of his twofold fame, as a man of letters and a man of fashion. It is doubtful whether any answer was received from Dodsley, but the correspondence with Walpole is one of the most familiar episodes in the story. Walpole's behavior has been strongly censured by some, who have not even hesitated to impute to him the responsibility of Chatterton's death. A more unjust accusation was never made. He seems, indeed, to us to have shown more good sense and consideration than might have been expected from so vain and selfish a trifler. Unpalatable as his advice of course was, it was indisputably dictated by prudence and conveyed with gentleness. We may allow that, but for Chatterton's confession of his birth and condition, he would have been regarded with different eyes, without allowing that Walpole, in permitting himself to be

influenced by that confession, acted in any harsh or contemptible manner. The imposition was revealed to him, not the impostor. For aught he knew, this poor widow's son was but the tool of some clever and unscrupulous rogue, some new Macpherson of the West,* nor is it easy to see how he could, in the circumstances, have divined the truth. It is surely, then, as ridiculous as it is uncharitable to blame him for not undertaking to make a poet out of a lawyer's clerk, of whom all he knew was that he himself had very nearly become his dupe.

Still, though baffled twice, Chatterton did not despair, and a circumstance which occurred at this juncture precipitated matters. He had been forced to apply to Burgum for the loan of half-a-crown, and Burgum had refused. Angry, humiliated, and revengeful, he sat down and composed that extraordinary document known as his will, in which he poured out on his illiberal patrons all the spite of a diseased and disappointed mind. At the same time he addressed to Clayfield, for whom alone among them he seems to have entertained any sentiment of respect, a letter announcing, with much parade of detail, his purpose to destroy himself. The terrible reality which this sorry piece of jesting was afterwards to assume has induced many people to invest it with a significance which the document itself, no less than a review of the circumstances of its composition, tends immediately to refute. Whatever may have been the writer's religious convictions at that or any subsequent time, it is obvious that his action was nothing more than the well-considered device of an unprincipled boy, to gain, by practicing on the fears of his friends, what he saw he could not gain by appealing to their sympathies. The issue proved his judgment. Lambert declined to keep any longer in his service so dangerous and intractable a pupil; his patrons, whose patience and liberality he had by this time well-nigh exhausted, contributed a small purse; and on the 24th of April, 1770, he bade a glad farewell to Bristol, and set his face hopefully towards London.

The few guineas in his pocket, and his bundle of manuscripts, were not, he flattered himself, his only means of subsistence. Within the last twelve months he had become a contributor to more than

* Walpole, it will be remembered, had been one of the first and most ardent champions of the legitimacy of Ossian. For this part of the story see Dr. Masson's book, pp. 56-70.

one London periodical, of which there was in those days an even more bewildering number than in our own. In the May number of the *Town and Country Magazine* for 1769 had appeared one of the finest of the shorter "Rowley Poems," the "Eclogue of Elinoure and Juga," and this had been followed by other pieces in prose and verse, including some very tolerable imitations of Macpherson's impudent bombast. But he was soon to be attracted to a new species of composition. The terrible Junius was then in the full tide of his mysterious power. Towards the close of the year his celebrated address to the king had appeared in the columns of the *Public Advertiser*. The stir this letter caused in London, added to the report that Woodfall, the publisher, was to be brought to answer for it in a court of law, spread to the farthest corner of the kingdom. An action for libel was then, as now, regarded by newspapers of a certain class as the high road to fortune. Accordingly one Edmunds, the editor of the *Middlesex Journal*, a paper of much the same calibre as the *Advertiser*, made haste to invite the same distinction, with the announcement that every communication to his columns should be considered sacred, and that neither threat nor bribe should persuade him to reveal the identity of his correspondents. The bait caught Chatterton's eye, and the result was a series of letters, under the signature of "Decimus," fulminating in mimic thunder against the court and the ministry. They are fair imitations of the great original; imitations, of course, rather of the form than the spirit of Junius, and such perhaps as any clever youth with a taste for political writing, and versed in the popular style, might have been expected to produce. For some time politics and poetry went hand in hand. To this period may be safely assigned his longest satirical pieces, "Kew Gardens," "The Whore of Babylon," which is practically but a re-arrangement of the former, "The Resignation," and "The Consulad." Coarse and scurrilous as these poems too frequently are, they yet contain many passages which, in vigor and facility of expression, and in harmony of verse, prove that he had not studied in vain the masterpieces of Dryden, Pope, and Churchill, and strengthen the supposition that, had he lived, he in his turn might have won no obscure position among English satirists.

He took up his quarters at Shoreditch, in the house of a plasterer named Walmsley, where also lodged one Mrs. Ballance,

a relative of his mother, and the only one of his relations in London with whom he seems to have cultivated any degree of friendship. His first visits were to the publishers—to Hamilton, of the *Town and Country Magazine*, Edmunds of the *Middlesex Journal*, and Fell, of the *Freeholder's Magazine*, a paper lately started in the interest of Wilkes. Nor was Dodsley forgotten—Dodsley, to whom his name was familiar only as that of an impudent boy who had tried to cheat him out of a guinea by a lame story of an old manuscript. From all he wrote to his mother, his design received the greatest encouragement. The amount of encouragement with which the cautious and prospering Dodsley received his sanguine visitor was probably not large, but the others were doubtless more cordial. To Edmunds and Hamilton his work was already known, and Fell, who had yet his way to make, and was not particular how he made it, was naturally glad enough to enlist the services of any smart young fellow, with an itch for writing and too poor to bargain for terms.

When he wrote of his design, it is doubtful whether he could have assigned any meaning to the word, beyond a general determination to take the world of letters by storm. He had brought with him to London, besides his satirical poems, all the cherished fabrications of Rowley—"Ælla," which he considered, and justly considered, as his masterpiece, "The Battle of Hastings," "The Bristowe Tragedy," "The Tournament," and many another piece of "antique pageantry" in verse and prose; but what action he proposed to take with regard to them, or whether he had, indeed, resolved on any action, is alike uncertain. It is not even certain that he ever turned his hand to the work during his life in London. It is known, indeed, that "The Balade of Charitie," one of the finest of his writings, was rejected by Hamilton for the July number of his magazine, but there is some doubt about the date of this poem. It has been also surmised that among the fragments of manuscript with which his room was found strewn after his death, may have been those works to which reference is made in his own notes to Rowley, and of which Barrett professed to have seen some portions, but of which all traces have perished.* But this is conjecture only. It is certain that beyond a vague allusion to some secret

* See the Aldine Edition, vol. i., p. xcv. note.

source of wealth, to be used as inclination or opportunity prompted, he made no mention of these compositions to any of his new friends, nor, after his failure with Walpole, did he engage in any fresh attempt to force them upon public notice. The truth, we suspect, is, that he had begun to lose faith in the feasibility of his original design. He was beginning to realize that it was not Rowley who must introduce Chatterton, but Chatterton who must introduce Rowley; that the present must first be won, before such as he could claim sufferance for the past. Like many a better man before and since, he began to recognize that genius is not always so marketable a commodity as industry: that if he wished to live to write, he must first write to live, and that to earn his daily bread he must lay aside for the time the pride and ample pinion on which he had hoped to win the upper air, and stoop to some humbler flight.

He set himself bravely to the task, nor was it long before the prospect brightened. Beckford, the famous father of a more famous son, in the year of his mayoralty was, next to Wilkes, the most popular man in the city of London. The town rang with his daring championship of the imprisoned favorite, his frequent petitions to the throne, and finally his personal remonstrance to the king himself. On him, therefore, Chatterton fixed his eyes. He addressed to him a letter, in which Beckford's conduct was described as meriting the warmest thanks an Englishman could give, and in a few days he followed up his letter in person. He was graciously received, praised for what he had already written, and allowed to address to his lordship a second letter on the same subject. This letter was to appear in no less a paper than the *North Briton*, a resuscitation of Wilkes's famous periodical, then in the hands of a seditious printer named Bingley.

Chatterton was in a fever of anticipation: and indeed he might fairly then have thought that the tide of evil fortune was on the turn. The favor of Beckford meant the favor of the corporation and the city of London, and the favor of the corporation and the city of London might well be construed to mean certain employment and lucrative pay to a young fellow with a smart turn for political writing, and willing to go any lengths in the popular cause.

At this juncture Beckford died. His death caused great excitement and great disappointment among many, but on no

one did the blow fall heavier than on Chatterton. For some days, it is said, he was as one out of his mind, and could do nothing but cry that he was ruined. Yet, even before Beckford's death, it is clear that he had contemplated the possibility of a reaction, and made his preparations for a change of front. There may be read among his works a letter addressed to Lord North, gravely eulogizing the government for rejecting the remonstrance of the city. This letter, which is signed "Moderator," was never published, but it bears the same date as that signed "Probus," which was to have made his fortune in the *North Briton*.

For this letter Chatterton has been severely censured by moralists, who appear to have forgotten both the age and the condition of the writer. That their censure is justified by the strict code of morality we do not dispute, nor that the identification of "Probus" with "Moderator" would be sufficient in ordinary circumstances to establish a very serious charge of political dishonesty. But the circumstances in which these letters were written were not ordinary circumstances. It is ridiculous to dignify the unformed fancies of a boy of seventeen by the title of a political faith. That Chatterton's predilections were in favor of what was known as the popular or patriotic party is evident. Such nearly always have been, and will be, the predilections of people in his class of life, nor are precocious young poets in any class of life generally to be found in the ranks of the Tories. But his object was not to advance the interests of men who did not care the value of one number of the *North Briton* whether he lived or starved. His object was to advance himself and his own interests. If the surest and speediest way to effect this object was to lampoon the king and his ministers, well and good. But he was already beginning to be doubtful of the advantage to be derived from espousing the cause of the patriots. The ministers had bestirred themselves lately, and after the prorogation of Parliament a regular crusade had been commenced against the opposition press. Woodfall, of the *Public Advertiser*, Almon, of the *London Museum*, Miller, of the *Evening Post*, were all within a short time of each other brought up before Lord Mansfield to answer a charge of circulating seditious libels. The newspapers became cautious. Their proprietors were in no mood to earn political martyrdom, in order that a

young and unknown scribbler might put a few shillings into his empty pockets. Had Beckford lived, it is probable that "Decimus" and "Probus" would have continued to write: but Beckford died, and the occupation of "Decimus" and "Probus" was gone. Chatterton, in short, was determined not to starve if he could help it: his pen was the only means he possessed to procure him his daily bread, and that pen he determined to employ in any way that might be found to furnish the most regular and abundant supply. It is easy to apply hard names to this resolve. It is easy to say that a less keen appreciation of interest, and a more keen appreciation of principle, would have been more becoming to one of his years. But the sternest political moralists are mostly those who survey the strife of parties, from the serene tableland of a rich and elegant leisure: the most inflexible patriots those who have least to lose by their patriotism. It is related of Sheridan that, being once present when a brilliant company were extolling the honesty and firmness of the Whigs, he passionately exclaimed with tears that it was easy for rich men to boast of their patriotism and keep aloof from temptation, but what was to be said for those who with equal pride and equal talents had never known what it was to have a shilling of their own?

With Beckford's death ended Chatterton's career as a political writer. "All must now be ministerial or entertaining," he wrote to his friend Carey at Bristol on June 29th; and as it was necessary, he had discovered, for a ministerial writer to publish at his own expense, he resolved to put politics aside for the time, and devote himself to being entertaining. His efforts in this direction may still be read. They consist for the most part of short papers after the fashion first made popular by the exquisite wit and matchless style of Addison, but afterwards brought into contempt by a host of nameless scribblers, who mistook dulness for wisdom and indecency for wit, nor wholly redeemed by the keen sense and grave morality of Johnson. Chatterton went for his models to the later rather than the earlier school. His knowledge of English literature had not, we suspect, increased much since he first laid out his pence among the circulating libraries of Bristol. Camden's "Britannia," Holinshed's "Chronicles," and Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of the Britons," were unquestionably valuable books to any one

engaged on such a work as then occupied his attention; but they were not the books from which a boy was likely to acquire a very perfect style of English composition, or a very sound idea of the copiousness and variety of the English language. That he had read Dryden, Pope, and Churchill, his verses abundantly prove: it is no less obvious that he had a tolerable acquaintance with Shakespeare and Gray, and a slight smattering of Chaucer and Spenser. But of English prose composition of the better kind he seems to have been as completely ignorant as the Tory squires whose votes annulled the Middlesex election, and far more ignorant than the honest citizens of Bristol whose dulness and illiberality he so bitterly resented. Yet of the models he selected he managed to produce very fair copies.* They are, indeed, quite as good, which is to say quite as bad, as their originals. They are as easily written, as flippant, as coarse, and, it must be added, as dull, as though they were the work of one who had grown gray in Grub Street. Yet they afford additional evidence, were such needed, of his unrivalled powers of imitation, of his extraordinary mastery over his pen, and of his capacity to adapt himself to any style of composition he chose to select. It is impossible to doubt that one so quick to inform himself with the spirit and personality of others might, in happier circumstances, have produced some great original work of his own.

Nor was this the only form of entertainment he attempted. Shortly after his arrival in London he had picked up in the pit of Drury Lane an acquaintance, from whom in his letters home he professed the highest expectations. Translating these romances into the language of common sense, it should seem that his new friend was in some way concerned with a music-publisher who had an interest in the Marylebone Gardens; that Chatterton, who had a quick ear for music, had written some songs for him, and that one or two of these being set to a merry tune, and sung by Bannister, or some other favorite of the day, had become popular with the town. Elated by his success, he determined on a more elaborate composition. Among his manuscripts he had some portions of a musical extravaganza, begun in the previous year.

* Sometimes his copies deserve a different epithet. One of them, "The Story of Maria Friendless," is, in many passages, an almost literal transcript of Johnson's "Story of Misella," in the "Rambler," Nos. 170, 171.

This he now unearthed, corrected, polished, finished, and sold to the manager of the *Gardens* for five guineas. Like all his later work, there is nothing original in it; but the versification is easy, and if set to lively music would probably have been fully up to the standard of the place and time. It is certainly beyond all comparison superior in every point to the pieces of the same class which are found so attractive at the present day.

These five guineas constitute the whole of his recorded earnings for the month of July. About this phase of the story there is, indeed, but little mystery. It is difficult to determine accurately his particular share in the various periodicals for which he wrote during his London career. He did not always employ the same signature even in the same paper, nor was it till many years after his death that any attempt was made to rescue these poor remains from their dusty and forgotten graves. It is certain, however, that for whatever he did he was miserably paid, when paid at all. Thus, for "The *Consulad*," a poem of two hundred and fifty lines, he received from *Fell* but ten shillings and sixpence; and the same sum from *Hamilton* for no less than sixteen songs. It has been calculated on good grounds that his entire earnings for the months of May and June did not exceed twelve pounds at most.

This fact, more than volumes of charitable hypotheses, disposes of the theory, advanced by certain biographers, that it was not neglect that drove Chatterton to starvation and suicide, but his own dissipated and immoral habits. How much he brought with him to London is not known, but we may be sure that it was very little; of the miserable pittance his pen procured him we have the clearest evidence. Yet he contrived to keep himself out of debt, to provide himself with decent clothes, and even from time to time to make presents to his family and friends at Bristol. In his living he was abstemious even to asceticism, drinking nothing but water, and rarely touching animal food. Of his industry there can be no question. Ample testimony is forthcoming of the mode in which he passed his time when lodging at the *Walmsleys*. The morning was spent in writing, a ramble through the streets followed, or a visit to the *Chapter Coffee-house* or *Tom's* — the favorite resorts in those days of the booksellers and their workmen: sometimes, but very rarely, he would treat himself to a seat in the pit of *Drury Lane*,

or a glimpse of the fashionable world in the gardens of *Ranelagh*. But on most evenings he was back in his little room at an early hour, and there he would sit plying his busy pen far into the night, and often till the morning dawned, till *Walmsley's* nephew, who shared his room, might well wonder what manner of being was this, who cared neither to eat nor sleep. Where then did he find either the time or the money for the riotous living or loose behavior with which he has been charged? and without time and money even the worst intentions are apt sometimes to miscarry. To speculate gravely on the religious convictions and moral qualities of a lad of seventeen seems to us an idle thing. Like many other young fellows, Chatterton no doubt thought it fine to talk freely and jestingly on subjects which he did not understand, and there are unquestionably many passages in his writings of doubtful morality, and sometimes even of gross indecency. But it was both a free-thinking and a free-speaking age. His hero, the debauched and shameless *Wilkes*, was a bad guide for a young poet and philosopher to follow. His own religious education had been of the slightest, and from an early age he had been left to his own devices, to keep what company and think what thoughts he pleased. To the allusions in his letters to his amorous adventures among the girls at Bristol we are inclined to pay little attention; they are, we suspect, much on a par with the confessions of deep drinking and high play, with which *Byron* delighted to shock his female correspondents when a lad at Cambridge. A boy who talks irreverently about religion, or indecently about women, deserves a sound flogging, but he does not deserve to be branded as an atheist or a libertine. What Chatterton might have been in different circumstances, it is idle to conjecture. His passions were strong, his imagination quick, his appearance manly and pleasing. He might have proved, for aught we can tell, the greatest rake and scoffer of the time, more ingenious in wickedness than *Dashwood*, more constant than *Sandwich*, more brazen than *Wilkes*. He may have been, for aught we can tell, in theory, all and more than all his enemies maintain; but that he was not such in practice, is as certain as anything in his life is certain. To assert that a boy who had rarely a shilling in his pocket, who within six troubled years produced more work than many a distinguished man has left behind him after a

long life of studious ease, who lived on bread and water, and who died before he was eighteen, was an idler and a profligate is to assert what is contrary alike to charity, to reason, and to common sense.

Early in July he changed his lodging from Shoreditch to Brook Street, Holborn. The house still stands, the first on the west side of the street, within sound and sight of the roar and bustle of the great thoroughfare. Till a very recent period it was inhabited, but it is now empty and fast falling to decay.* He assigned no reason to the Walmsleys for his departure. He had not quarrelled with them, though Mrs. Ballance had rallied him on what she was pleased to term his "poetings," telling him that a poet was one who lived upon other people till he starved, and urging him to give up playing the fine gentleman and take to some honest profession. It is probable that he had begun to realize the fact that he had undertaken a work beyond his powers, and that, unless some good genius intervened, he was not unlikely to afford a practical illustration of his relative's definition of a poet. His pride forbade confession to the only friends he had in London, nor could it bear the thought, that they, who had been the first in that new world to learn his golden dreams of wealth and fame, should be the first to detect the fading of the beautiful vision. Without a word of warning or excuse he left them, to hide his struggles, and it might be his shame, elsewhere.

For his heart was now failing him fast. In those days the London season began and ended much earlier than now, and by the end of June the town was as empty as it is now in September. Parliament had long been up; the weather was sultry; every one who could afford the time or the means was away. His patrons were growing tired of him and of his writings. His clothes were shabby; his shoes in holes. He could show himself no longer in the coffee-houses or at the gardens. His days were passed in long and aimless rambles through the hot, dusty streets, or in the deserted parks; his nights in melancholy broodings over broken hopes and wasted energies. If he wrote at all, it was from sheer habit, or to dull the morbid fancies of his uneasy brain. The publishers had as much of his work on hand as they cared for;

they would take no more; it was doubtful whether they would print what they had already got, and it was very certain that they would pay for nothing that they had not printed.

But though his heart was breaking, his pride remained erect and tameless, and with his pride something, we would fain hope, of a better and a kindlier feeling. He still continued to send home letters full of high resolve and confidence, of great things achieved, and greater yet to come, and these letters, read, as they are now to be read, by the light of fact, form one of the wildest and most painful chapters of his life. Towards the end of July, when all hope almost had gone from him, he tells his sister, "I am about an oratorio which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. . . . I have an universal acquaintance; my company is courted everywhere." He promises to be among them without fail by the first of the new year, when his "History of London," to be published in monthly numbers, shall have been fairly started. A short while previously he had sent them with the last of his poor earnings a little present—some china for his mother, for his sister a pretty fan, some snuff for his grandmother. None of them are forgotten. "Be assured," he writes, "whenever I have the power, my will will not be wanting to testify that I remember you." We cannot blame him for the deceit, nor do we envy the man who can smile at these "wild and whirling words." We must allow, indeed, for the existence of another and less generous motive; for a malicious satisfaction in the thought that the tale of his success would go abroad, and that, while comforting those he loved, he was confounding those whom he hated with a hatred to which the sense of failure added fresh bitterness. Yet where there is so little that it is possible to approve, and so much that it is impossible to excuse, charity demands that all that can be shall be placed to the credit of the sinner, nor can morality's self refuse to this unhappy boy some extenuating circumstances in this the last imposture of his life.

The letter to his sister from which we have quoted is dated July 20th, and if not the last received from him, is the last that has survived. There is, however, extant one of later date addressed to George Catcott. It is confused, bitter, and desponding, the expression of a mind at war with itself and all the world. The most important passage in it is the following, at the close: "I intend going

* Since this article was written, the house has given way before the march of modern improvement.

abroad as a surgeon. Mr. Barrett has it in his power to assist me very greatly by his giving me a physical character." When this notion first entered into Chatterton's head, or what qualifications for the post he conceived himself to possess, it is difficult to guess. While in Lambert's office he had turned over some of the medical works in Barrett's library, and among the few friends he had made in London was one Cross, an apothecary, who lodged near him in Brook Street. From the latter he had probably learned that the qualifications of a ship's surgeon, and particularly the surgeon of a ship bound to Africa, were not very curiously examined. From Barrett's books we may suppose he had borrowed a smattering of medical phraseology, and with this, and his glib tongue and confident bearing, he had doubtless contrived to persuade the simple apothecary that such qualifications, at least, he possessed.

Barrett refused, and very properly refused; for it is clear that Chatterton's claims were even less than Goldsmith was able to advance in very similar circumstances. We cannot blame Barrett, but we must pity Chatterton. It was his last attempt to cling to life, and it failed.

The end was now at hand. On the evening of the 20th or 21st of August, he supped with Cross on oysters, and was observed to eat voraciously, as one who had not tasted food for a long time. There is reason to suppose that he never tasted it again. On the evening of the 24th his landlady begged him to dine with her. He declined with all his old haughtiness, alleging that he was not hungry, though his looks, as she afterwards declared, showed him to be three parts starved. Shortly afterwards he left the house. He was heard to return, to ascend the stairs, to enter his room, to lock the door. The next morning he was not seen at the usual hour, nor was any sound heard within his room. The door was broken open, and he was found stretched upon his bed, cold and stiff. A pinch of arsenic in a glass of water had released him forever from the intolerable burden of life.

An inquest was held on the following day, a verdict of insanity was returned, and, on the 28th the body, wrapped in a pauper's shell, was laid privately in the ground attached to Shoe Lane Workhouse, on which Farringdon Market now stands.* Early in the present century a

report was circulated by George Cumberland, a relation of the dramatist, that the body was rescued from this common earth and sent down to Bristol, where it was secretly interred by night in the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe. The tale rests on no substantial foundation, but it is one which few would be sorry to believe. There is a mournful pleasure in the thought that, after the fitful fever of his brief life, the poor boy sleeps at last within the precincts of that noble building beneath whose shadow he was born, and with whose name his own will remain forever linked.

Even in the immediate neighborhood, Chatterton's death attracted at the time but little if any notice. In the two numbers of the *Town and Country Magazine* immediately following, several of his pieces appeared, but not a word of the writer's untimely end. At last the strange silence was broken. The third number contained an elegy "To the memory of Mr. Thomas Chatterton, late of Bristol," from the pen of Carey, the best loved and most faithful of his friends. Poor as the tribute is, it is yet no poorer than most of those with which, after the fashion of the day, a host of nameless poetasters made haste to inscribe their names on the tomb of departed genius. But Chatterton has not always been so unfortunate in his encomiasts. His name and fate will last as long as the English language lasts, enshrined in the verse of two of the great masters of English poetry.

But though the author was left unheeded in death as in life, the interest in his works was daily increasing. As early as 1773, a partial and very imperfect collection of the Rowley manuscripts was shown to Warton by the Earl of Lichfield, and some of them, though he declined to vouch for their authenticity, the professor incorporated in the second volume of his "History of English Poetry." While this volume was still in the press, a complete and accurate version of all the manuscripts that could be collected at Bristol was given to the public. It ran rapidly through three editions, and to the third was appended a minute and critical inquiry into the whole question at issue, which may be said to have practically dealt Rowley his death-blow. Tyrwhitt,

records also the baptism of Richard Savage, born seventy-four years earlier in a garret in Fox Court, not a stone's throw from the garret in Brook Street. Nor does the coincidence end here, for Savage died in the debtor's jail of the very city where nine years later Chatterton was born.

* The register that records Chatterton's burial re-

it was soon known, was both editor and critic, and all who have followed Tyrwhitt have had reason to be thankful that a work so difficult was first undertaken by such competent and skilful hands. In truth, he was, of all who engaged in the controversy, the most competent, if not the only one competent, to form a correct judgment, for he alone among them could claim a critical knowledge of the language in which such a person as Rowley would have written; and all subsequent research, though by the discovery of fresh material it has greatly widened the field of criticism, has only served to confirm the truth that Tyrwhitt was the first to establish.

Public curiosity was now fairly roused. It was known that there had been some correspondence between Walpole and this extraordinary boy, and hard things began to be whispered about the former. Walpole, serious for once in his life, published a full, spirited, and dignified vindication of his conduct, which was then, and ever since has been, considered completely satisfactory by all save those who believe, or profess to believe, that it is the privilege of the rich to grind the faces of the poor. Walpole, however, though he told all he knew, had, in truth, very little to tell, nor was it till the year after the publication of his letter, in 1780, that the full story in all its melancholy details was given to the world.

Early in 1779, all classes of society had been startled to hear that the beautiful Miss Reay, known to half England as the mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, who then sat at the head of the Board of Admiralty, had been shot in the piazza of Covent Garden by a clergyman of the name of Hackman. With a second pistol the murderer had attempted his own life, but the wound was slight, and he recovered to pay the last penalty of the law at Tyburn. Before taking orders, Hackman had been a captain in the 68th Foot; while on recruiting service at Huntingdon he had met Miss Reay, had fallen violently in love with her, and, according to some, had not loved in vain. The murder, and the romantic circumstances attending the murder, excited the greatest sensation in London. The magazines were full of it; Walpole, the great master of scandal, had every detail at his fingers' ends; Boswell sat by the side of the murderer in the fatal cart; among the crowd at the gallows was the Earl of Carlisle, commissioned to report on the proceedings to his friend George Selwyn. But the most remarkable issue of the whole

affair was the publication in the following year of a volume bearing the strange title of "Love and Madness," and professing to contain a correspondence between Hackman and his victim. The letters, which were at first accepted as genuine by many, including Walpole, were soon known to be the invention of Herbert (afterwards Sir Herbert) Croft, a dabbler in literature, who is remembered, if remembered at all, for a very bad life of Young, inserted among Johnson's famous biographies. They are vigorously—and sometimes more than vigorously—written, and may be supposed to present with some truth the condition of a mind driven to madness by unsatisfied though not unrequited passion. But the only interest the book now possesses arises from the minute and ample memoir of Chatterton contained in one of the letters, and supposed to have been compiled by Hackman at the lady's request. Of all persons then living, Croft was in possession of the best opportunities for arriving at a correct knowledge of the facts, for he happened to be the landlord of the house in Shoreditch in which Chatterton had first lodged. From Walmsley and Mrs. Ballance he learned all that they could tell him, and by them he was put on the right track for pursuing his enquiries both in London and Bristol. The story he was thus enabled to disclose has remained in substance the story that all later generations have learned, and subsequent biographers, though they have amplified and adorned the materials he first collected, have added little and corrected nothing.

Despite the sober and exact reasoning of Tyrwhitt, supported as it was by the influence of Warton's learning and position, he was not suffered to hold the lists unchallenged. Bryant reviewed the whole question with a vast parade of archæological and philological lore, and came to the solemn conclusion that the poems of Rowley were genuine productions of the fifteenth century. Thereupon arose a furious controversy, which exceeded in duration, if not in heat, the famous quarrel between Bentley and the scholars of Christchurch, and which, indeed, has even within our own time shown signs of a languid survival.* Into the evidence with which the champions of Rowley endeavored to support their cause it is unnecessary to enter. Yet time, though it has not robbed, and never can rob, the

* See "Chatterton: an Essay," by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, F.R.S. and F.S.A. London, 1857.

name of Chatterton of its own peculiar and melancholy interest, may have somewhat dulled the point of that wonderful irony of fate which forced upon the empty skull the wreath rejected by the living head. To recall briefly some of the most swashing blows by which the fabric of Rowley was demolished, may still perhaps be found interesting, and shall not, we promise, be found tedious.

Rowley, writing in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, employs sometimes the Pindaric metres, and sometimes blank verse; two forms of rhythm as familiar to that century as photography or the steam-engine. The first English poet to use blank verse was the unfortunate Surrey, who lived nearly a century later: the first to employ the Pindaric measures was Abraham Cowley. Rowley indulges in the most flagrant plagiarisms from Spenser, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, and Gray. Gower and Lydgate, to leave Chaucer out of the question, may still be read. Their language and sentiments are barbarous, their verse rugged and unmusical. Rowley, who though somewhat their junior, may still be styled their contemporary, was master of a luxuriance of thought and energy of expression which would not have disgraced Dryden, while the harmony of his numbers may in many passages be compared not unfavorably with the sweetness of Waller, or even of Pope. Many of the words employed by Rowley did not come into use till some years after his death; many others had grown into disuse long before he was born. His dialect, even where it is not manifestly Chatterton's own invention, is not the dialect of one people in one age, but of many people in many ages. Here, we think, we may be content to stop. But in truth any reader of these poems, possessed of an average knowledge of English literature, should be able beneath their flimsy veil of archaism to detect for himself, even without the assistance of Mr. Skeat, the hand not of the fifteenth but the eighteenth century. Yet the leaders of the forlorn hope fought bravely, despite the terrible array against them, Tyrwhitt, Malone, Johnson, Stevens, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Percy, the two Wartons, all cased in armor of proof, and invulnerable from head to heel. On the other side the names of Jacob Bryant, Mathias, Langhorne, and Milles, alone survive. Of these, the last published, five years after Tyrwhitt, a magnificent edition of the poems, containing a glossary, a large variety of notes, a meagre

biography of Chatterton, and a voluminous and triumphant dissertation on Rowley; but he will probably survive only in the contemptuous phrase in which he has been gibbeted by Coleridge, as an owl mangling a dead nightingale.

The noise of the battle has long since died away: the phantom of Rowley has faded into thin air. But the name of Chatterton still lives. It is not improbable that many who have a general knowledge of his life have never read a single line of the works which give that life its interest and its worth. Some have doubtless been repelled by indifference for the matter; some by disgust for the manner, though this is an excuse which, since the publication of the Aldine Edition, can be no longer allowed. But no one who wishes to acquire a complete knowledge of English poetry, and indeed of English literature, can afford to omit the "Rowley Poems" from his course of study. If before sitting down to read them, he first informs himself of all that has been written on them, he will in all probability be grievously disappointed, for, in truth, more foolish things have been said about Rowley than about Chatterton. Some, who steadily set their faces against the truth, have not hesitated to place the poems above the works of Homer, of Virgil, of Spenser, even of Shakespeare; others again, less obstinate or less ignorant, have yet rated them above their real value. It was, perhaps, a necessary consequence of such extravagance, that by some critics they should have been treated with a contempt which assuredly they do not deserve. Despite their originality—and notwithstanding their frequent and audacious plagiarisms, there is much in them that is original,—despite their vigor and felicity of expression, and the harmony of their numbers, their chief claim to distinction must still lie in the circumstances of their composition. The dawn they may be of a brilliant genius, but it is the dawn only. Had they been the work of a man in the full maturity of his intellect, well nurtured, well taught, and well read, they would have deserved to endure only as a painful monument of wasted industry and abilities meanly misapplied. But when it is considered that they were written by a boy who died before he had completed his eighteenth year, who wanted every advantage of birth, fortune, and education, and whose only patrons were his own ambition, talents, and energy, they must ever rank among the most remarkable products of the human intellect, and as

sure their author no mean position among the sons of English song.

Thus lived and died Thomas Chatterton, the victim not of a cold and heartless world, but of his own ill-regulated and devouring passions. The world, it is true, denied him bread, but it was his own unsound and malicious disposition, his own misplaced pride, his own distorted ambition, that darkened the world's face against him. Yet, so tremendous was the penalty he paid for his errors, that we are apt to forget the one while we shudder at the other. Sympathy must not be suffered to override justice, if we would read aright the solemn lesson of his fate; yet, when all the circumstances of his unhappy life are recalled, from the day when first he donned the charity boy's gown to the day when he was found dead in his garret, it is difficult to decide where sympathy should end and justice begin.

"Chatterton," wrote Byron, "I believe was mad." Many arguments have been raised against this charitable hypothesis, but none have ever satisfied us that it is not the true one. Indeed, the chief objection to it has always seemed to us to lie in the number of difficulties it removes. Men are apt to be suspicious of too simple a solution of any question. We are not disposed to rest our conviction on the bare fact of his suicide. That at the precise moment when a man's hand is raised against his own life, in nine cases out of ten the balance of reason has swung awry, may, we suppose, be affirmed without much risk of contradiction. But with Chatterton the act was less, we suspect, the sudden impulse of a brain unhinged by bodily and mental suffering, than the deliberate purpose of an unsound mind. It is for science to determine its exact quality and proportion, but a less critical eye can detect the presence of the disease. The curse was upon him from his birth. The strange, unsettled character and eccentric habits of the father, his love of study alternating with his love of low dissipation, his craze for the occult arts, and his belief in Cornelius Agrippa,* the fits of mental aberration, if not of downright insanity, to which his sister was subject during the latter years of her life; from such evidence it is not unreasonable to deduce that the boy was born with an hereditary predisposition to madness. His own wayward childhood, his fits of silence, his fits of weeping, his love

of solitude, his passionate craving for distinction, his aversion to all the ordinary pleasures and appetites of his age, prove still more clearly the unsound spot in his own mind. That under strict and wholesome control, and in a wider and more liberal range of circumstances, he might have been purged of this taint, and have grown to a ripe and honorable old age — is possible. But with such a temperament, such a beginning could scarcely have had a different end.

Nevertheless, it is clear there was no lack of method in his madness, nor can this hypothesis defend, though it may partially explain, his conduct. On the measure of his culpability an immense variety of opinion has been expressed. By some he has been censured in terms which would not be thought lenient if applied to a Fauntleroy or a Roupell: by others he has been gently scolded, as we scold a mischievous schoolboy for a prank played on a disagreeable visitor. One of his latest biographers has set up the excuse that he was forced into deceit by the ignorance and obstinacy of his patrons. It is scarcely necessary to expose the fallacy of such an argument. By a parity of reasoning, we suppose, no man must be convicted of obtaining money under false pretences, if it can be proved that he has exhausted every means of earning an honest livelihood. That his deceit was not the deceit of the vulgar impostor, who aims only at the pocket, may be admitted: yet he employed it as a means of obtaining money, and from the moment he so employed it the mischievous schoolboy is forced from the scene. But though he took what he could get greedily, and complained bitterly that it was not more, it is tolerably clear that he neither loved money for its own sake, nor for the sake of what to a common appetite it could bring. We question, indeed, whether it was to him at any time more than a stepping-stone to fame. What action he would have taken, had he found Dodsley or Walpole as credulous as the wisacres of Bristol, or had he raised himself by legitimate exertions to an independent position, it is impossible to do more than guess; but there is at least as good reason to suppose that, when once he had succeeded in commanding the ear of a discriminating audience, he would have thrown off his disguise, and avowed his identity with Rowley, as there is to suppose a motive for many other actions of his life which have been construed without any hesitation. For fame he had

* See Professor Wilson's *Life*, ch. i., pp. 4-6.

longed from childhood with a wild, unreasoning passion, and he could scarcely have been unconscious that the fame he would have acquired by confessing the authorship of the tragedy of "Ælla" or the "Balade of Charity" would have immeasurably surpassed all that the acknowledged labor of his muse could win. But his quick wit soon showed him how little such a confession was likely to profit him in Bristol. By such an audience as he would there command the poems of Rowley were valued only as the poems of Rowley; as the poems of Chatterton they were not worth the paper on which they were written. Literary impostures were the fashion of the day. Walpole had played the game himself: many clever men believed implicitly in Macpherson's "Ossian." Then from the false was born the true, and "Chevy Chace" followed the ranting son of Fingal. The public mind was slowly awakening to the splendid heritage of the past, that past of which the boy had seen visions and had dreamed dreams, long before it had dawned upon him that there lay the way to that proud temple of fame which shone before his longing eyes, so splendid and so inaccessible. Who would believe his report? who would listen to the poor foster-child of charity? But who at such a time would turn from the learned priest and poet, who thus marvellously lifted up his voice and sang from the dust and silence of three hundred years? And thus his interests went hand in hand with his task. The subjects of which he loved to write were the subjects which his patrons affected to love to read. Out of their affectation and their ignorance he might carve for himself a path into an ampler and more generous world, a world which should read, and praise, and reward, not Rowley but Chatterton.

Whether he ever measured his work by the correct standard of morality may well be doubted, but that he did not at first recognize the impropriety of his design may reasonably be believed. That neither his education nor his disposition were such as to ensure very strict notions of morality, is evident; but he was not without some notions of honor, and it is one of the strongest proofs of his want of moral perception, that it did not seem to him a dishonorable thing to accept money under false pretences. And stranger yet it is that his pride would suffer him to stoop to such an action. The strongest and most distinct feature in his character was a pride which would have been re-

markable in a man, and in a boy was something altogether unwholesome and abnormal. Yet even in his pride there was a strange contradiction. It bade him hide his sufferings from those at whose hands he had a right to demand relief; it bade him starve sooner than be indebted to a friend for a meal. But it could not hinder him from begging favors from strangers, nor from turning on them with insolence when refused; it could not hinder him from earning money by dishonest means, nor from scoffing at the kindly fools he defrauded. It may be, as some have surmised, that in his last days his eyes were opened, and he saw more clearly; that his unbroken silence on the old imposture during his career in London, and his discontinuance, after his failure with Walpole, to find fresh dupes, may have arisen from a sense of proper shame, and a determination to walk no longer in the crooked path. This would indeed be a charitable solution of a somewhat difficult question. But the shame, we suspect, arose not from a new and clearer moral view, but from the old familiar pride. Repentance would have brought humility, and the sting would have been taken from confession. Confession, if it came at all, must come independent and unforced; it was an instrument to confound his enemies, not to save himself. It is probable, too, that among the conflicting passions that swayed within his whirling brain as he lifted the poison to his lips, the same feeling still held a foremost place. In that sad and shameful end to all his struggles and his hopes, it may well be that he saw, not what we see, the last despairing act of a mind abandoned alike by God and man, but a glorious triumph over a blind and selfish world. He died not conquered, but conquering: theirs was the loss, not his. There yet should come a time when they should recognize the value of the treasures they had rejected, and when in unavailing humiliation and remorse they should mourn the genius of which they were not worthy. Nor is it impossible that, in that supreme hour, his spirit may have passed the bounds of time, and contemplated with a bitter satisfaction the legacy of doubt, perplexity, and strife he had bequeathed to posterity.

The question of the degree of guilt he attached to the crime of suicide, or, in other words, the question of his religious opinions, is as difficult to decide, as any other question that presents itself in the consideration of this strange character.

To him, in common with all who have sought a similar relief from the misery of life, may be allowed, we repeat, the benefit of the doubt, whether at the instant of its commission he was able to realize the nature of the act. But whether at any time his mind had formed a correct perception of the crime, or whether such a perception would have had strength to stay his hand, is a different matter. To the levity with which he would sometimes treat religious subjects, and to his professions of scepticism, we attach, indeed, no more weight than we are inclined to attach to the occasional grossness of his writings as indications of a practised immorality. Both are, to our mind, but little more than the idle boasting of a vain, untaught boy, who wished to be talked about, and early discovered that he was most likely to attain his wish by a bold departure from the commonplaces of religion and of decency. Yet in such matters, it is well to be reminded how short and easy is the stage from folly to sin; and it is clear that in Chatterton's mind there was, if not a dreary void, at least a painful confusion of idle and dangerous fancies. The fashionable cant of atheism, indeed, he never affected, and in one of his poetical pieces he is at particular pains to forestall the charge, should it at any time be brought against him. "I am no Christian," he wrote in the last letter he ever penned, yet a short while before his death he had composed some verses breathing the very essence and spirit of Christianity. His religious doctrine appears, in short, to have been of a piece with all the other inconsistencies of his character. He professed at one time to scoff at divine revelation; "reason, and not faith," so ran his silly talk, "must be man's true guide;" at another, he confesses that the "mystic mazes" of the divine will are beyond the reach of human thought; and, with Pope, he subscribes to the doctrine that whatever is, is right. That he doubted, we may well believe; it is the nature of such minds to doubt. But that he had satisfied himself of the correctness of his doubts, or that his doubts had ever taken any definite shape, much less that he had constructed for himself a faith to take the place of that which had been offered him, it is impossible to believe. It seems, indeed, to us to be out of all reason to assign such a precocity of thought and decision even to so precocious an intellect as Chatterton's. Yet who among us can do more than conjecture, or pretend to

read with certainty the riddle of this strange life? All speculations can end only where they began. After every argument has been exhausted, we can turn only with any degree of confidence to the words he himself desired to have placed upon his tomb, and which may now be read on the simple monument which within the last generation his native city has raised to his memory: "Reader, judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a Supreme Power. To that Power alone is he now answerable."

From Blackwood's Magazine.
BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

XXIV.

EVIL COUNSEL AND EVIL DEEDS. —
M'DUFF'S DEATH.

THE next day saw Yering deserted of its visitors. Almost all the station people wended their ways homeward, and only a few of the laboring classes remained to spend the small remnant of money which remained to them.

How Cane and Ralf staved off the most pressing of their creditors' demands, they themselves only knew. The horse had been seized at the instance of the hotel-keeper with whom they boarded, and they had apparently nothing to go upon except the position of Ralf's father, which procured for them some credit in the way of food and drink. This morning they sat together over a bottle of brandy, to which both, especially Cane, had frequent recourse.

"Well," said Ralf sulkily, "you have managed to get us into a nice mess."

"Shut up, you growling —. You're the biggest sneak hi ever comed hacross. You halways turns round hon yer mates when things don't go just right," returned, his amiable friend.

"No wonder!" answered the latter; "you make yourself out so — knowing, and you let a — bush-horse quietly walk off with stakes big enough to put us on our legs again, without bets. I wouldn't have cared so much if it hadn't belonged to that — stuck-up Fitzgerald."

"D — him!" echoed the other. "Hi'd sooner hit 'ad been 'im than that hother cussed pup whot hi saw a-lookin' hefter 'im. Hi'll settle that —'s 'ash yet, hif hi gets 'alf a slant, — hi will, s'elp me, for the sake hof this business."

"Bosh! you're always skyting about what you'll do. What can you do now, when we want some good advice? That's more to the purpose —"

"Can't you get that ere — hold M'Duff to lend you some cash?" asked Cane.

"He'd sooner give me his blood," returned Ralf; "besides, this forgery business is blown all over the country by this time, and people will be shy of taking his cheques."

"Didn't yo say has 'ow a diggin's butcher was a comin' there to buy sheep?"

"By Jove," uttered Ralf, a new light breaking in upon him, "we might get any amount of gold, if we could lay our hands on it! Those fellows nearly always pay in pure metal."

"You sed has 'ow the hold boy was agoin' down to Sydney habout them ere forged flimsies. Hif we could get 'old of 'is valise, we might put that little business to rights too; burn them, hand square hourselves with the gold for a fresh start hin Sydney."

"Right you are," returned Ralf, admiringly; "you have got a brain. I believe it's easy enough done."

"Hof course hit is. We'll cut away there. Hi'll camp hin the bush. You stay hup hat the 'ouse,—find hout 'is plans, and get 'old of the valise, 'and it hover to me, hand hi'll stow hit away hall serene."

Accordingly they both started for Cambaranga. Ralf, who had an intimate knowledge of the country around the station, pointed out a place to Cane, in close proximity to the head-station, where he might remain camped for some time in secrecy, and then made his own way to the house.

It was dark when he arrived. Mr. M'Duff was at home, as well as a young man who had been engaged to fill the position of overseer vacated by old Graham. M'Duff was by no means in a good humor. Whether he suspected Ralf as the thief who was preying on what he worked so hard for, and loved so much, or whether it was that he merely disliked and despised the character of the young man, was hard to say. His manner was more than usually stern and gruff. The new of old Graham's death did not seem to affect him much. He knew his worth, and appreciated his good qualities; but he had expected the catastrophe so long, that it was by no means a shock. His mind was much more disturbed about the

forgeries which had interfered with the currency of his cheques; and he produced one after another, which had been sent up for his inspection, until Ralf saw all the evidences of his crime before him on the table. If he could only get possession of them!

In the course of the evening he learnt that M'Duff intended starting for Sydney next day, to give personal evidence in the affair, which he was determined to investigate thoroughly. The butcher from the gold-fields had come, and only left that morning; therefore his gold must still be in the house.

If Ralf could only lay his hand on that valise, he would never get into such a scrape again,—never, never!

He could not listen to what M'Duff said, so busy was he planning his measures. At last it was bed-time, and all retired to their rooms; but Ralf cannot sleep,—he sits and ponders. After a couple of hours' time he slips off his boots, and makes his way over to the house in which M'Duff sleeps. The superintendent's heavy, measured breathing is heard from the bed. Where can he have put his papers and the gold? He intends starting early; he has surely packed his valise. It is so dark he knocks against a chair slightly, and M'Duff's quick ear warns him. He opens his eyes. "Who is there?" he asks in his stern, deep voice. Ralf is close to the door—he steps out and, hastening over to his room, jumps into bed, and draws the blankets over him as he is. Presently he notices a light; and M'Duff walks across the courtyard, comes straight to his room, and looks in through the open door. Ralf is breathing hard in apparently sound sleep, and the superintendent goes away satisfied to the other man's room, and then walks back to his own. Ralf dares not try it again. He lies for an hour or two revolving plans, and decides on consulting Cane. Accordingly, he made his way out to the spot where that worthy was camped. It was about half a mile distant, in a small patch of rocky, broken country, beside a little spring; and awakening him, he narrated what he had learnt.

"Hit's hall no — use," remarked Cane, on learning full particulars. "The hold fellow 'as got heverythink stowed haway so has yer can't lays yer 'ands hon it. I votes we stick 'im hup hon the road."

Ralf was frightened. "Robbery!" he said.

"Robbery!" sneered the other, mimicking the tone. "Wot was yer about to-night, eh? Don't be a — fool now, and spile hall. Find hout which way he means to take, hand come 'ere immediately hafter, and we'll manage some'ow. Now get halong back before ye're missed."

With this they parted, and Ralf had a good hour in bed before daylight broke. M'Duff was up early, and had his horse ready. Ralf, to blind him to the real state of affairs, pretended laziness, and came in late to breakfast, keeping his eyes and ears open all the time. M'Duff tells his last night's adventure, and persists in believing some one was in his room. The new overseer laughs loudly, much to M'Duff's disgust, for he is not given to creating false alarms. He informs them that he is going down the "mailman's old track," which will save him twenty miles in the journey. Ralf knows it well. It is a narrow bridle-path, leading partly through thick, scrubby country, and partly over mountains. Here and there the track is very indistinct, and in some places there is none. It is only known to the older station hands, and is seldom traversed now, although formerly the mailman used it; but his route is now changed. M'Duff knows it well also. It would take him a day and a half by the main road to accomplish what he can do by this path in one. He brings out his valise. Ralf thinks it looks heavy. M'Duff straps it on, and mounting, nods a hasty good-bye, and is off. Ralf is on tenter-hooks to go to Cane, but the overseer is in the way. The man is polite to his employer's son, and would like to become acquainted with him, and therefore delays his business to indulge in a chat. But Ralf's gruff, uncivil answers drive him off; and catching his horse, the sociable young fellow goes away whistling.

Ralf now gets his horse also, and is soon detailing his knowledge to Cane, who, without a word, straps his few effects on the horse which he has already saddled.

"Come hon," he said. "Lead the way hon to the track, hand push halong, hif yer don't want to miss yer last chance."

A roundabout way brought them to the "mailman's track," and soon they were cantering along it in silence, glancing eagerly ahead of them for their prey. As they hurry on, Cane explains his plan to Ralf. They were both provided with revolvers, which many people in the bush carry. These they slung in their belts, to give them the appearance of bush-

rangers, while a red handkerchief apiece, in which holes had been cut for their eyes, was a sufficient disguise. Their clothes were in no wise different from those of fifty others, and they feared not being recognized. They hurried on faster,—they are now about eighteen miles from home, and expect to see the quarry every minute. At last they notice him about a couple of hundred yards ahead, as he leaves a small open space to enter some timber.

Cane now takes the lead; he hunts now by sight. Making a detour to get in front, and whispering fiercely to Ralf that, "should he fail to stick by him," he "will never see another day's light," he rushes out on the unsuspecting man. "Bail up! bail up!" shout the two red-veiled attackers, revolvers in hand. "Throw hup yer harms, or he'll drop yer!" shouts Cane, intimidatingly.

But M'Duff is not to be got so easily; and hitting his horse with the spurs, he tears along, shouting "Never!" and brandishing his stout hunting-crop. Both men gallop alongside, threatening his life once more; and perhaps the determination of the super might have caused them to give up the attempt, had not Ralf's handkerchief fallen off. M'Duff, turning at the time, recognized him, and uttering his name in fierce tones, as he struck about him wildly with his whip, vowed that he should hang for the attempt on his life.

"Shoot him, Ralf!" cries Cane. "Shoot the hold —, or he'll 'ave yer blood."

Ralf's trembling fingers might have obeyed the fearful command, when a smashing blow from the hunting-crop knocked the revolver out of his hand, and saved him the commission of the dreadful crime. But in the same moment "crack" goes one of the chambers of Cane's six-shooter; and he has rivalled his great namesake and antitype, the first murderer.

The grim, money-loving old super—so firm and fair in some things, so heartless and lax in others—falls from his saddle. His foot getting entangled in the stirrup-iron, the body is dragged along by the frantic horse, striking against stumps and roots, and being kicked at furiously by the animal, against whose hind legs it is occasionally dashed with violence. The road is strewn with little articles belonging to the unfortunate man. His helmet lies at the spot where the shot was fired, his whip farther on, then his knife and matches, and then some plugs of

tobacco; a little farther lies scattered some money, then clots of blood,—and a mark of the trailing body runs all along the road.

Cane and Ralf were at first seriously alarmed lest the animal should become maddened with fear and make its escape, valise and all; but the stirrup-leather comes off, and the body falls to the ground. Soon after, they succeed in catching the frightened steed, and lead him back, snorting, to where its master lies, a pitiful sight, with his grizzly hair and beard a thick mass of dust and blood, his face almost undistinguishable with bruises. Twenty minutes before, he was in full vigor, his mind occupied with plans for his earthly welfare; and now his spirit, that “wandering fire,” has joined old Graham’s in pioneering the “dark, undiscovered shore” of that black river from which no explorer’s report has ever been received.

With eager haste they tear off the valise and examine the contents. They pull out handkerchiefs and collars, a couple of shirts, and some other articles of clothing, a cheque-book, some papers (only accounts). What! no money! none of the hated forged cheques!

“Examine his pockets,” says Cane.

Ralf shrinks from touching the fearful thing.

“Curse your white liver!” snarls the red-handed man, fit for any deed now, — and, bending down, he turns up pocket after pocket. Nothing! (Indeed, M'Duff had made up the post-bag before leaving, into which he had put the forged cheques, as well as the crossed cheque which he had received from the “diggings” butcher, and by this time the mailman was hastening with them along another road down to town.) In his rage he vents his resentment by kicking the helpless clay, saying, “You put me hout hall night in the bush worst — hit’s your turn now.”

Ralf is getting stupefied; he is only now waking up to what has occurred.

“Come halong, you fool!” shouts the chief villain; “let’s get the carcass hout o’ this, some’ow, hand then we’ll see wot’s to be done.”

A couple of deep, round lagoons lay alongside of the track; and half carrying, half dragging the body between them, they threw it into the black water on the far side from the road. The water splashed and surged in widening circles, wetting their feet as they stood on the banks. What a relief to get rid of that evidence of guilt — motionless, inanimate,

but more terrible than any living witness! The valise and saddle, weighted with stones, are likewise flung into the pool, and every evidence of the crime is carefully hidden from sight.

And now Cane, whose mind seems to have grown clearer and stronger with the emergency, gives instructions to the trembling wretch beside him as to what must be done. They had passed some miles back a small gunyah and yard temporarily occupied by a flock of “hospital” sheep, shepherded by an old black gin.

Cane, alive to the urgent necessity of obliterating all tracks, orders Ralf to go to the place and cause the old woman, who knows him, and is likely to obey his orders without hesitation, to drive her sheep out here for a night, and camp near the water-hole. He is aware that the tracks of the sheep on the road will hide the footprints of the galloping horses and the trailing of the body, and that as they crowd round the margin of the lagoon in their anxiety to drink, all marks there will be effaced. He impresses the necessity on Ralf of getting home quickly and unobservedly, and of examining all M'Duff's papers. He himself will cross the bush and make for another station at some considerable distance off, so that he may establish an *alibi* if necessary; and in two or three days' time he will return to the camp where he spent the previous night. Ralf can meet him there.

Now that M'Duff is out of the road, Ralf will have charge, and can easily put matters right as regards business. But first of all, they must set this straight.

After undergoing much advising, threatening, imploring, and sneering, Ralf is ready to start. Cane then parted with him, taking the murdered man's horse, which he has decided to shoot in the first thick scrub he comes to at a sufficient distance from the spot.

Ralf rode as one in a dream. He succeeded in finding the sheep, and, making some excuse, he started the half-crazed old woman with them to the lagoons. Then he galloped home half frenzied with fear, his mind dwelling on the tragedy he had so lately borne a part in. The young overseer had not returned, and Ralf breathes more freely as he turned his horse into the paddock and sought his room. There was something clinging to him which he could not shake off. Go where he would, something awful there was at his elbow — a fearful load on his soul! Outwardly he was the same as this morning, but inwardly — An in-

definable terror haunted him. He threw himself on his bed. "O God! O God! O God!" He started as he uttered the holy name. What had he done? The whiteness of his soul had long, long ago been smudged with black dirt; and now, after years of absence, on the same ground he had changed its color to a brighter hue, but a darker stain. The overseer rode up merrily. A happy, careless lad, he strode in with a cheery remark, but suddenly stopping, asked if Ralf was ill.

"Only a bad headache," he was answered. "I'm often like this." He could eat nothing. That night, when all was silent, he stole over to the dead man's chamber. How he abhorred the cursed money! Sooner a thousand times over would he have appeared before the world as a defaulter, or as a thief, than as he now was; yet it must be done. Each article put him in mind of his victim. Guiltily he glanced over his shoulder, fancying that he heard stealthy footsteps, or that a voice whispered something in his ear. Nothing could he find. No money — no cheques; nothing of any value. And the deed had been done uselessly — uselessly. O God! what is that on the bed? An indistinct form shapes itself. He almost faints. Tush! it is only the washing, which the woman has laid out there. Back to his room, where, amid incoherent ravings and agonies of mind, he passed the rest of that awful night. He wished Cane would return. He wanted to look once more on the *spot*, to see that all was right; but he dared not. What if the old gin, with the sharp eyes her race is celebrated for, has detected the tracks? Her instinctive sagacity would enable her to follow up the clue. All the day succeeding, and the night which followed, and the day after, Ralf remained in a state of mind bordering on insanity. The overseer and woman in the kitchen, indeed, began to suspect that the brandy which he had procured from M'Duff's store, and which he drank in immense quantities, was about to produce a fit of horrors; but, strange to say, it had no effect whatever on his agitated system. The day was now at hand when Cane promised to return to the rendezvous, and Ralf counted every minute until his stronger-minded associate should assist him in bearing a share of the oppressing secret.

That evening a horseman was announced approaching; and Ralf, concluding that Cane had changed his intentions, and had decided upon staying at the

house, ran out to meet him. It was not Cane, however, but Ralf's father, Mr. Cosgrove, senior. He had, in consequence of the unsatisfactory information which had reached him, started out from home very suddenly; and leaving Ruth in Sydney, where he had received further disquieting intelligence, he had continued his journey to Cambaranga, to confer with M'Duff about the very business which was taking the latter to New South Wales, unknown to his employer and partner.

The unexpected face fell cold upon the guilty heart; but there was something in old associations and blood which, notwithstanding all, gave to him some measure of comfort. He felt a desire to cling to his father; he felt that there stood the only one who would seek to palliate his wickedness, if possible. His subdued and quiet manner, so different to what his father had ever before noticed in him, struck the elder Cosgrove very much; and he felt that perhaps the young man had seen the folly of his doings, and was about to change.

He met him with a greater show of affection than he had bestowed on the prodigal for some years, and asked for M'Duff.

It was well for Ralf that the young overseer came out just then to answer the question, for he only kept himself from falling by clinging to the paddock-fence. Cosgrove's annoyance at having missed the super was expressed rather loudly, and the bustle of unsaddling the horse served to divert attention from Ralf, who managed to get inside the house, where he fortified himself by drinking a large quantity of brandy.

XXV.

A FEARFUL JOURNEY. — HIDING GUILT.

THE activity and excitement consequent on the arrival of Mr. Cosgrove relieved Ralf from much observation, and to a certain extent relaxed the strain on his mind. His father's conversation, however, was full of poignant bitterness; and the arrows of remorse fell fast upon him as the elder Cosgrove seemed willing to forget all the old grievances and errors of the past. He would possibly even have hushed up his son's forging transactions, and paid his debts once more, had he made an open confession, and determined to lead a new life; but now there was an impassable gulf fixed between him and ordinary men.

The past life *was* over. A new life had begun. Never again would men take him by the hand and welcome him to their homes. Henceforth he was worse than a pariah—he was a wild beast. As these thoughts kept crossing his mind, a groan, occasioned by his mental distress, would now and then burst from him; and at last, excusing himself on the plea of illness, he again sought his room, to pass another wretched night.

At breakfast next morning he received a still greater shock, for Mr. Cosgrove, speaking of his journey, incidentally remarked, "By the way, I came along the mailman's track yesterday. They wanted to dissuade me doing so at the other end, for they feared I could not find my way after my long absence; and as I passed the Lilly Lagoon, I fancied I saw something in the water like a dead body."

"A dead body!" laughed the overseer.

"Yes," said Mr. Cosgrove. "I did not go close to it. It was something dead, I am sure."

Ralf said nothing; he was pale and rigid, his fingers stiff and cold, his hair rising on his head, his heart beating violently.

"It might have been a sheep, or a kangaroo, or perhaps a calf," suggested the overseer.

"Ah, yes," joined in Ralf—"a calf, no doubt; there are plenty of wild cattle in the scrubs there."

The conversation changed; but his nerves were wrung worse than ever.

Twice he went to the rendezvous, but it was vacant. How he longed for Cane! He even prayed that he might come. His father, noticing his careworn, haggard look, felt alarmed, and proposed sending for a doctor. To this, however, Ralf vehemently objected.

On going the third time, about sundown, to the meeting-place, he saw his brother in blood dismounting. He was much relieved. He rushed up, surprising Cane with the fervency of his welcome, and made him acquainted with the fact of his father's sudden arrival, and his having noticed the body. These were two pieces of intelligence which entirely took Cane by surprise; but, equal to the occasion, he spoke after a few minutes' reflection.

"Now, look 'ere: we want to get rid of that carcass—that is the first thing to be done; hand hafter that you can gammon penitent, tell hall to the governor, and get round 'im, hand you'll be has right has hever. Ten to one 'e'll give you charge 'ere, and cut 'ome; hand, my word, we'll

commence then hon a new lay. Hour luck his honly just a-turning."

"But what shall we do about—about—I mean—that thing over there?" asked Ralf, his voice sinking to a whisper as he pointed in the direction of the lagoons on the mailman's track.

"Hit's nigh full moon to-night," returned Cane. "'Ave yer got hany quiet 'osses in the paddock?"

"Yes," returned the other. "Why?"

"When they hall goes to bed, we'll get hup the 'osses, saddle a couple, hand lead hout hanother with a pack-saddle, fish the stiff un hout o' the water, hand hump 'im hof the road somewhere, and make hashen hof 'im. There's plenty hof time to get back hafeore morning. Now, cut haway back, and hi'll be hup hat the 'ouse by the time I thinks the rest 'as turned hin. You come hout when you 'ears me a-whistling, hand we'll set to work."

Ralf did as he was bid; but he thought his father and the overseer would never leave off talking, so anxious did he feel to get away out to destroy the evidence of his crime. He could not understand Cane's coolness and indifference.

Just as the rest were rising to retire, he distinguished a long, low whistle, not far off. No one noticed it but himself. He gave his stained hand in friendly clasp to the others, and wished them "good night."

Again the whistle. This time he slipped out and spoke a few words to Cane, begging him to wait a few minutes longer, until all should have time to get asleep. About the buildings a quantity of couch-grass grew, which, although short from constant grazing, still afforded very sweet picking to the horses, who were accustomed to come up each night for a short time and feed on it. A number of these were now engaged cropping the short feed. After about a quarter of an hour's waiting, they selected three suitable ones, bridled, saddled, and led them out of the paddock at some distance from the house, through a gap in the fence, which a couple of loose rails afforded. Then mounting, they made the best of their way along the track.

Cane lit his pipe, and leading the pack-horse, followed the shivering leader as if he had been engaged in the most ordinary occupation in life. Ralf could not speak. He made his way, as if under a mesmeric spell, towards the object which fascinated his mind. He felt that he must look upon it once more, although he hated and feared it. They push along, cantering

when they can, for Cane perpetually urges haste. Here it was where they saw him leave the plain and enter the timber.

This is the *spot*. As they turn off the road and approach the banks, a turtle drops off a branch of a tree into the water with a splash, and a mob of ducks fly up with an alarming, quacking noise and hurried flapping. It startles Ralf, and even Cane loses his equanimity for a little. Now they look for what they know only too well is there. Where is it? They walk side by side round the black pool, for Ralf will not leave his companion's side for one instant.*

XXVI.

BESSIE'S MARRIAGE.—MUSTERING FOR NEW COUNTRY.—THE HON. MR. DESMARD.

ON the return of the Betyammo party from Yering, Bessie's wedding took place without delay. The clergyman had accompanied them back, everything was in readiness, and the affair passed off quietly. There were many present; but most of them came the day before, and left immediately after the ceremony. Fitzgerald had returned just in time to be present, and rode over with John, who acted as groomsman. Stone looked very well, with his honest, manly countenance, and robust, athletic figure, beside merry-faced Bessie, whose eyes sparkled like an April day.

Phoebe was of course the principal bridesmaid, and felt much at parting from her only sister,—the playmate of her childish days, and companion of her more advanced years. Mr. Gray, with his kind, motherly wife, went about cheerily, as usual, and seemed to realize the fact that a son had at last been given to them; and Mrs. Gray especially appeared not a little pleased as she contemplated her daughter's bearded protector.

It was, however, over at last. Mr. and Mrs. Stone took their seats on the buggy—for the ceremony had taken place in the morning early—and bidding good-bye to all, started on their wedding-trip to New South Wales, amid a shower of old boots and slippers.

Most of the guests left after lunch, among them Fitzgerald and John, the latter of whom now had some busy work before him. The scene they have just witnessed has struck a chord which kept

vibrating in Fitzgerald's breast; and as they ride home, he made a confession of his adventure in Sydney, and of his having at last fallen in love, in the most unexpected way.

"Most romantic," replied John. "I was not aware that so much sentiment existed in your nature."

"I dare say not," returned his friend. "I was not aware of it myself. I cannot account for it. I know absolutely nothing of the lady. I only saw her for a few minutes, and yet I cannot forget her. You know how I used to laugh at spoony fellows. Well, I can understand that now."

"But," urged John, "you don't know whether she is engaged or not. She may be unamiable—stupid."

"It's no use, West. You may be right, but I feel drawn to her. I believe in her. I can read a noble, constant faith in her high brow and steadfast eyes—truth and reverence in the Madonna-shaped head—sensitivity in the delicate nostril—and childlike purity in the beautifully-formed lips and dimpled chin; while her air, figure, and conversation bespeak the cultured woman."

"Ah! it is plain you are in a hopeless way. Is it not strange," he questioned, rather musingly, "that all the charms and virtues you describe with such enthusiasm have been before your eyes for many a year, and that you failed to notice them when displayed to you, and yet invest with them a perfect stranger whose looks may belie her? It is not an uncommon circumstance."

"Whom do you speak of?" demanded Fitzgerald.

"I mean Phoebe Gray."

"Phoebe Gray!" echoed the squatter.

"Yes," said West. "You have not mentioned a beauty, or charm of mind or manner, which Miss Gray does not possess in a large degree. But it is ever the same," he continued, speaking more to himself than the other. "We rarely appreciate sufficiently what we are familiar with; and as frequently as not, we go to the opposite extreme, and overestimate what we do not possess or know. You seem to have endowed this young lady with every virtue under the sun, after an hour's conversation."

"I am sure—that is, I think she has a gentle, charitable disposition."

"So has Phoebe Gray."

"She is refined in her tastes, sensible in her conversation, elegant in her manners."

* We omit the disgusting detailed account of the burning of the corpse.—LIVING AGE.

"Phœbe Gray certainly has not had the advantage of mixing much with society; but as far as manners may be acquired without that, she is all you have described."

"She is witty and well-read,—at least I think so, for she had me out of my depths before I knew where I was."

"My dear Fitz, go and talk to Miss Gray; she will open your eyes. You are blind. She does not indeed make a parade of knowledge, but few of her years have read so much or thought so deeply, and is, besides, what your town beauty may not be—a clever, active little housewife, with a bright interest in the everyday affairs of life, a good, devoted daughter, and a loving sister."

"I say, West," said Fitzgerald, abruptly turning round on him,— "I do believe you are struck."

"Yes, I am," replied John—"struck with admiration for her good, endearing qualities of mind and person; but not in love, if you mean that. I am not rich enough to allow myself to indulge in the luxury."

"Well, never mind, old fellow; who knows what the new country will do for you? You'll come down a rich squatter before long."

This conversation awakened Fitzgerald to a sense of the many excellences in Miss Gray's character, which he had never before perceived; and often afterwards he thought, as he reflected on the truth of what John had said, it would be well for him if he could love her; but that, he felt, was impossible. The face with the brown hair, and soft, dark eyes with the long lashes, haunted him.

Next day mustering commenced for the new country. A mixed mob of cattle—cows, steers, and heifers—had to be collected, to the number of one thousand head; and before the ensuing evening, the usual sound of discontented, reproachful, remonstrating, or angry bellows, came from the yard in which the nucleus of the herd about to be sent away was confined.

The stocking of new country afforded Fitzgerald an opportunity of eliminating from the general herd such members of it as were troublesome from one cause or another; and all cattle whose favorite feeding-grounds marched on the large scrubs, together with such as associated with the wild mobs, were condemned to recommence life under different auspices. All cattle, moreover, which, from their knowledge of the country, and their wild

nature, made themselves leaders of the rest, were picked out and brought home to the yards. Thus his own herd became free of many animals which were an unceasing source of annoyance; while the long, overland journey, and the daily supervision exercised over them in order to keep them upon their new pastures, together with the change in disposition which their constant contact with the men engaged in looking after them was sure to bring about, could not fail to be productive of the greatest good to the creatures so culled out. Many there were whose constitutions required change of pasture. Some were lean, and would never fatten upon the run to which they were accustomed. Others were so fat, that calves were not to be looked for from them; while a few were determined rovers on neighboring stations.

Fitzgerald and John had ridden up to the house after yarding their first draft for the north, and were preparing to partake of their evening meal, when the former, who happened to glance out of the window looking up the road, said quickly, "Come here, West; look at this fellow riding up. Keep back a little; don't let him observe you."

The new comer was indeed an object worthy of observation, and both the young men mentally ejaculated the words, "New chum."

He was an extremely nice-looking young fellow, with a high-bred, intelligent face, shaved, with the exception of a fair moustache. His dress and horse, however, attracted attention, owing to the singularity of both. The steed was one whose great age could only be equalled by his extreme leanness. It was, in fact, a mass of bones and long hair, but had doubtless, many years ago, been of indisputable gameness, which was evinced by the constant motion of the pointed ears surmounting the brave, wrinkled old head, and the undiminished fire of the bold eyes, above which were situated deep, cavernous hollows. A single tusk stuck out, wild-boar fashion, on one side of the withered upper lip, whose fallen-in appearance betrayed the want of teeth in the poor old gums. Still his step, as he bowed up to the slip-panel, was brisk and energetic, though slightly tottering; and the stump of his docked tail stood up fiercely erect, bristling with short hair.

The dress of his rider betrayed something of the romantic imagination which colors the actions of so many new arrivals from Europe. A scarlet shirt and

Garibaldi jacket, together with white breeches and Napoleon boots, and a helmet from which depended the gay ends of a silken pugaree, formed his costume. His waist was confined by a snake-skin belt sustaining innumerable square skin pouches; a revolver in its pouch was slung on the left hip, while a formidable silver-mounted bowie-knife with ivory handle depended by silvery chains from the other. In addition to this, he carried in his hand a very fine-looking fowling-piece.

"By Jove, old fellow," muttered Fitzgerald, "you'll never be taken alive!"

Presently one of the station black boys, who happened to be loitering about, entered with what perhaps had never been seen on Ungahrun before—viz., a visiting-card, on which was printed, "The Hon. Adolphus Maurice le Poer French Ffrench de la Chapelle Desmond."

"Oh, hold me up!" groaned the squatter, handing John the pasteboard, and going to the door, where, in spite of the grotesque attire, he could not help being favorably impressed with his visitor's gentlemanly bearing.

The new comer's address was likewise good, although somewhat marred by a drawling form of speech.

"Ah—Mistah Fitzgewald—ah—I conclude."

"That is my name," said the squatter, bowing slightly.

"Ah—I—ah—heeah you are about—ah—sending some cattle northwards, and—ah—I came up—ah—to make some inquiries about them. The fact is—ah—I would—ah—very much like to—ah—accompany them."

"I shall be most happy, Mr. Desmond, to give you any information you require; but in the mean time, please to turn out your horse and come inside. We are just about sitting down to dinner."

The young man managed to unsaddle his old horse, though with considerable awkwardness, and turned him into the paddock, stroking his hog-maned neck, and patting his lean sides—the hair on which, from its length (the result of great poverty), bore a striking resemblance to fur—remarking,—

"Wonderful cweateah! Suphpwisngly intelligent! But—ah—I am inclined to think him—ah—aged."

"So am I," returned his host, smiling.

"He—ah—requires no looking after whatever; nevah stways; always chooses the wivah-bed, or bed of a cweek—ah—

to pasture in. He—ah—is vewy deah to me. He—ah—in fact, saved my life."

"Did he indeed!" said Fitzgerald, looking at the ancient one with more respect than he had at first exhibited. "Well, we'll find some more tender grass for him to-morrow than the paddock affords; meantime, bring your things inside."

This Mr. Desmond did, having occasion to make two journeys in so doing. His valise was twice the size of an ordinary one, and many articles hung to his saddle, after the manner of his tribe. The old horse must indeed have been a game creature to struggle on under so heavy a burden.

In the course of dinner—which meal Mr. Desmond sat down to in his accoutrements, considerably to the uneasiness of the other two, who were not at all fond of being in the neighborhood of new chums' revolvers—he gave them a short account of himself and his intentions.

"My—ah—father is Lord Martlett. Perhaps you know the name."

Fitzgerald did not, but John recognized it as that of a popular, though by no means wealthy, peer in one of the adjoining counties to his own.

"Well—ah—when travelling by wail, my—ah—father met by accident a gentleman who—ah—descwibed himself as—ah—Mistah Bosterre, of Blowaway Downs, in Queensland; and my—ah—father, who is not a wich man, and—ah—has a numbah of—ah—childwen (I am the third—ah—son), was delighted to heeah of an opening in—ah—this country for a young man. He—ah—made some inqwiwies, and—ah—found that—ah—Mr. Bosterre was—ah—weally the—ah—man he wpewesented himself to be, and—ah—had him to Desmond Castle, wheah he was—ah—vewy kind indeed to him."

"The end of this—ah—was, that Mistah Bosterre agweed—ah—to give me—ah—an appointment on his estate; and—ah—my father agweed to—ah—pay him a pwemium of—ah—thwee hundred pounds for—ah—the first yeah."

"I—ah—do not know much of—ah—business, but I thought it would—ah—look better were the—ah—money paid quarterly; and—ah—I pwoposed this to my—ah—father, who at once agweed, as did—ah—Mistah Bosterre, after some—ah—objections."

"Well, when I awived at Blowaway

Downs, I — ah — weally did not see how I was to — ah — make any money.

"I had — ah — to sit all day with — ah — Mrs. Bosterre in the — ah — parlor, and be introduced by her to — ah — her visitors as — ah — the son of her — ah — 'deah fwiend Lord Martlett;' or I had to wide into town with — ah — old Bosterre, and undergo the same.

"It was about this time that — ah — I became possessed of — ah — my horse. He is called Jacky-Jacky, after a celebrated bushwanger who — ah — owned him about thirty — ah — years ago; and — ah — although I have been led to doubt some — ah — at least of the statements which — ah — have been made to me, I understand — ah — from various quarters, that — ah — such is weally the case."

"I quite believe it also," said Fitzgerald.

"Ah, glad you say so. Bosterre sold him to me. Well — ah — I found my first quarter's pwemium was — ah — paid, and my second was begun; and — ah — I thought — ah — I would ask old Bosterre about — ah — my appointment, and — ah — he quite agweed with me about the — ah — necessity for work, and — ah — brought me down next morning to the ram-yard, and — ah — gave the rams into my chahge to — ah — look after. The cweateahs were engaged in — ah — knocking their heads together in — ah — the most painful way; and — ah — during my connection with them, which — ah — was only during one day, I may wemark, I — ah — found that — ah — they wesorted to it — ah — as a weweatation when not particularly engaged — ah — otherwise.

"On weturning to the house I — ah — awdored the groom to — ah — saddle Jacky-Jacky, and I — ah — wode down and took my chahge away to the — ah — woods. We — ah — soon lost sight of — ah — habitations, and the solitude was dwedful. I began to — ah — wemember those unfortunates of whom — ah — I had wead as lost — ah — forever. I looked around; there was — ah — no watah. I had — ah — nothing to eat. There was — ah — no game to be seen, except — ah — a few small birds in the tops of — ah — a vewy high tree; but — ah — although I fired all my cahtwidges except one — ah — at them, I — ah — missed them. A wevolver is — ah — wather difficult to manage, when — ah — shooting at — ah — vewy small birds, I find."

"It is indeed," agreed the other two.

"I became alarmed. No — ah — watah, no — ah — food. Only one shot in my wevolver. I — ah — did not know where to turn. The sun was blazing — ah — hot. Was I — ah — going to pewish alone, with — ah — hungah and — ah — thirst? My thwoat got parched. I felt — ah — already the agonies of — ah — death. I determined to — ah — make one attempt to — ah — save my life. I wesolved to — ah — kill a ram, and — ah — dwink the blood of the cweateah. I — ah — dismounted and — ah — tied up Jacky-Jacky, and — ah — seeing one lying down not — ah — far off, which I had noticed in the course of the — ah — morning, from the great size of his — ah — horns, and his vewy woolly body, I appwoached cautiously, for I — ah — expected ewewy moment that — ah — he would wish to examine the — ah — stwength of my head; but — ah — he merely wrinkled his nose and — ah — showed his teeth. I — ah — kept my eye upon him, and — ah — I put the ball wight in the — ah — middle of his forehead, upon which he — ah — turned over and — ah — died. Vewy simply, I assuah you. The west of my chahge — ah — scampered away, but — ah — I could not follow them. I — ah — dwew my bowie-knife, and — ah — cutting off the hideous cweateah's — ah — head, I commenced drinking his blood; but — ah — stwange to say, I did not feel at all thirsty — after the — ah — first mouthful. Indeed, I became — ah — quite ill, pwobably from the — ah — seveah mental stwain. I — ah — lay down for some time; and as it — ah — grew cooler, I wesolved to abandon myself to — ah — Jacky-Jacky's sagacity, who — ah — wonderful to relate, took me through — ah — paths known to himself, to — ah — the society of my fellow — ah — beings. But more singular still was — ah — the fact, that when I — ah — got home the rams were — ah — home before me. And when — ah — I welated the story of my — ah — pewil to Mistah Bosterre, he was — ah — most unfeeling.

"He wushed away down to the — ah — yard, and on weturning he — ah — used the — ah — most fwightful language, and — ah — said that I — ah — had killed his imported Saxon ram — ah — Billy — who was — ah — worth two hundred — ah — pounds; and — ah — he indulged in — ah — so great an amount of — ah — critical license, and — ah — depweciatory general wemark in weference to all — ah — late awivals, that I felt my — ah — self-we-

spect would not admit of my — ah — continuing to — ah — weside at Blowaway Downs; and hearing of your — ah — intended journey, I thought I would — ah — call upon you."

Bursts of laughter occasionally interrupted the speaker, and as his hearers looked at one another, again and again they exploded with merriment.

Neither liked Bosterre, who was a well-known character. Boastful, purse-proud, a toady and a knave, he made a regular trade of entrapping "new chums," and getting premiums from them, — to suffer them to waste their time in idleness, and their means in folly.

With regard to the overland trip, Fitzgerald referred Desmard to John, who, having taken rather a fancy to the lad, agreed to his forming one of the travellers, promising him at the same time a remuneration equivalent to his services, — a proposal which much delighted the new hand, who had never known how to earn a shilling in his life.

Mustering now proceeded with steady vigor, and Desmard was allowed to gain experience in tailing * those already brought in, along with two old and experienced hands, who were much amused with their companion's eccentricities, and who never tired of relating his peculiar sayings.

A few evenings later, the news of old M'Duff's disappearance and rumored murder struck astonishment and horror into the hearts of all in the district, which gradually increased, as step by step, suspicion fell, and eventually fixed itself firmly, upon Ralf and Cane. Many there were who remained incredulous to the last; but on hearing the report of Cane's having been seen in the neighborhood, John felt a steady conviction of his guilt, while Fitzgerald was no less sure of Ralf's complicity — a belief which was also strongly shared in by the stockman, Tommy, who calmly remarked that he knew "all along Ralf was born to be hanged."

On the morning of the day after the burning of the body a black fellow came in from the bush, and happening to see Ralf first, coolly addressed him with —

"I say, me been see-em two fellow

whitefellow burn-em 'nother whitefellow lasnigh." *

"You see them?" utters Ralf, looking for nothing but immediate detection and arrest.

"Yohi, me see 'em; bail that fellow see me. Me sit down good way; me frighten; by-and-by me track 'em yarraman, that been come up here." †

"Look here," said Ralf, quickly, "bail you yabber 'nother white-fellow. Me want to man 'em that one two fellow whitefellow, By-and-by you and me look out." ‡

Giving the nigger some rations and tobacco, and enjoining further secrecy, Ralf made for Cane's retreat, and informed him.

"You — fool, why didn't you bring the nigger 'ere; we might 'ave knocked 'im hover hand made hall safe."

"No, no," said Ralf, decisively; "no more blood. By this time all his tribe know it. We can, perhaps, get away now if we start at once; but sooner than shed more blood, I'll stay and give myself up."

Cane could also see the futility of endeavoring to hold out longer against fate; and that night, after laying hands on whatever could be got of use to them in the house, the two disappeared, taking with them four of the best horses in the paddock.

A few days afterwards, police arrived from Yering, headed by Dowlan, who made himself very active in his investigations.

It was a simple matter to trace the horse-tracks from the lagoon to the fire. Blacks diving in the former brought up some of the dead man's effects, and the charred bones at the fire spoke for themselves.

This, with their flight, and the statement of one of the men, who swore that he saw Ralf and another returning to the station some days previously, just before dawn, and the testimony of the black fellow, formed a chain of circumstantial evidence which left no doubt in any one's mind as to the perpetrators of the deed, and a pursuit after them was at once instituted.

* "I saw two white men burning another one last night."

† "Yes; I saw them. They did not see me; I was a long way off. I was frightened. Afterwards I tracked their horses; they came up here."

‡ "Look here, don't tell any other white man. I want to catch those two white men. By-and-by you and I will search for them."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A NEW STUDY OF TENNYSON.

PART II.

And well his words became him: is he not
A full-cel'd honeycomb of eloquence
Stored from all flowers? — "Edwin Morris."

In a former number of this magazine * we drew attention to certain peculiarities in the work of the laureate which had not, in our opinion, been sufficiently appreciated by his many critics. We ventured to point out that he belongs to a class of poets whose work has a twofold value, a value, that is to say, dependent on its obvious, simple, and intrinsic beauties, which is its exoteric and popular side, and a value dependent on niceties of adaptation, allusion, and finish, which is its esoteric and critical side; that he is to a certain point only the poet of the people, that he is pre-eminently the poet of the cultured, that his services to art will never be properly understood till his writings come to be studied in detail, till they are, as those of his masters have been, submitted to the ordeal of the minutest critical investigation; till the delicate mechanism of his diction shall be analyzed as scholars analyze the kindred subtleties of Sophocles and Virgil, till the sources of his plots have been laid bare, and the original and the copy placed side by side; till we are in possession of comparative commentaries on his poems as exhaustive as those with which Orelli illustrated Horace, and Mathias, Gray. We ventured to suggest that his poems should be studied, not as we study those of the fathers of song, as we study those of Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, but as we study those who stand first in the second rank of poets; that in dealing with him we have to deal not with a Homer, but with an Apollonius, not with an Alcaeus, but with a Horace; not so much with a poet of original genius, as with a great artist, with one whose mastery lies in assimilative skill, whose most successful works are not direct studies from simple nature, but studies from nature interpreted by art. That he belongs, in a word, to a school which stands in the same relation to the literature of England as the Alexandrian poets stood to the literature of Greece, and as the Augustan poets stood to the literature of Rome.

We will illustrate our meaning. In the works of the fathers of poetry everything is drawn directly from nature. Their

characters are the characters of real life. The incidents they describe have their counterpart in human experience. When they paint inanimate objects, either simply in detail, or comprehensively in group, their pictures are transcripts of what they have with their own eyes witnessed. In description for the mere sake of description, they never indulge. The physical universe is with them merely the stage on which the tragi-comedy of life is evolving itself. Their language is, as a rule, plain and simple. When they are obscure the obscurity arises not from affectation but from necessity. Little solicitous about the niceties of expression, they are in no sense of the word stylists, they have no ambitious ornaments, few tropes, and nothing of what the Latin critics call the *delicia et lenocinia verborum*. Their object was to describe and interpret, not to refine and subtilize. They were great artists, not because they worked on critical principles, but because they communed with truth. They were true to art because they were true to nature. In the school of which we take Virgil and the laureate to be the most conspicuous representatives, a school which seldom fails to make its appearance in every literature at a certain point of its development, all this is reversed. Their material is derived not from the world of nature, but from the world of art. The hint, the framework, the method of their most characteristic compositions, seldom or never emanate from themselves. Take their *dramatis personæ*. The only powerful portrait in Virgil is a study from Euripides and Apollonius, the rest are shadows, mere outlines, suggested sometimes by Homer and sometimes by the Greek dramatists. Mr. Tennyson's Arthur and Launcelot were the creations of Malory, or rather of those poets who supplied Malory with his romance. His Ulysses is a study from Dante. His most subtly elaborated character, Lucretius, is the result of a minute and sympathetic study of the "*De Rerum Naturâ*." His minor heroes and heroines, his Eleanores, his Madelines, his Marianas, are rather embodiments of peculiar moods and fancies than human beings. When Virgil sits down to write pastorals, he reproduces Theocritus with servile fidelity. When he writes didactic poetry he takes Hesiod for his model. When he composes the *Æneid*, he casts the first part in the mould of the *Odyssey*, and the second part in the mould of the *Iliad*. He is careful also to introduce no epi-

* LIVING AGE, No. 1883, p. 483.

sode for which he cannot point to his pattern. So with the laureate. Mr. Tennyson's "Idylls" are a series of incidents from the Arthurian romances. His "Enid" is from Lady Charlotte Guest's "Mabinogion." His classical studies — "Cenone," "Ulysses," "Tithonus," "Lucretius," were possibly suggested by the author of "Laodamia," possibly by the soliloquies in the Greek dramas. His English idylls are obviously modelled on Theocritus and Wordsworth. In Wordsworth's "Michael" he found a model for "Enoch Arden." His "In Memoriam" was suggested by Petrarch; his "Dream of Fair Women" by Chaucer; his "Goddiva" by Moultrie; the women's university in "The Princess" by Johnson. His "Lotos-Eaters" is an interpretative sketch from the Odyssey; his "Golden Supper" is from Boccaccio; his "Dora" is the versification of a story by Miss Mitford. When Virgil has a scene to describe, or a simile to draw, he betakes him first to his predecessors to find a model, and then proceeds to fill in his sketch. With a touch here and a touch there, now from memory, now from observation, borrowing here an epithet and there a phrase — adding, subtracting, heightening, modifying, substituting one metaphor for another, developing what is latent in suggestive imagery, laying under contribution the vast range of Greek and Roman literature, — the unwearied artist patiently toils on, till his precious mosaic is without a flaw, till every gem in the coronet of his genius has received the last polish. It has been the pleasing task of a hundred generations of the learned to follow this consummate artist step by step to discover his gems in their rough state, and to compare them in that state with the state in which they are when they leave his finishing hand. Such an investigation is little less than an analysis of the principles of good taste, and from such an investigation the poet has infinitely more to gain than to lose. It is the object of these papers to show that much of Mr. Tennyson's most valuable work is of a similar character, that he possesses, like Virgil, some of the finest qualities of original genius, but that his style and method are, like the style and method of the Roman, essentially artificial and essentially reflective. With both of them expression is the first consideration. If the matter be meagre, the form is always perfect; if the ideas are fine, the clothing is still finer. Their composition resembles the sculpture described by Ovid —

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materiem superabat opus — the workmanship is more precious than the material. One of the most highly finished passages Virgil ever produced was the description of a boy whipping his top; one of the finest passages in all Mr. Tennyson's writings is the comparison between the heavy fall of a drunken man and the fall of a wave tumbling on the shore.* The diction of both is often so subtly elaborated that it defies analysis. Dissect, for example, the line "*Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit*," and you reduce it to nonsense. Dissect

There with her milk-white arms and shadowy
hair
She made her face a darkness from the king,
and it becomes unintelligible. When Virgil wishes to describe a shepherd wondering whether after the lapse of a few years he will see his farm again, he writes, —

Post aliquot, mea regna videns mirabor aristas ?

When Mr. Tennyson has occasion to allude to the month of March, he speaks of

the roaring moon
Of daffodil and crocus.

Their expressions not unfrequently resemble enigmas.

A labyrinth becomes in Virgil,

iter, quæ signa sequendi
Falleret indeprensus et irremeabilis error;

and the life of Christ becomes, in the laureate's phraseology,

the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue.

The works of both poets abound in these ingenious periphrases. No two poets have so completely triumphed over what Horace tells us is the most difficult of all arts — the art of expressing commonplaces with originality. Their poems are storehouses of every figure in the vocabulary of rhetoricians. There is scarcely a page in Virgil which is not loaded with Hellenisms and with allusions to the literature of Greece, often of such a kind as to make them unintelligible except to those who know where to turn for a commentary. Mr. Tennyson's diction teems with similar peculiarities. He is not only continually imitating the Greek and Roman writers, but he is continually trans-

* See the lines in "The Last Tournament," beginning —

Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
Fell, as the crest, etc.

planting their idioms and their phrases into our tongue. An unlearned reader must indeed be often at a loss when confronted with turns like these: "This way and that dividing the swift mind;" "laughed with alien lips;" "finished to the finger-nail;" "sneezed out a full God-bless-you left and right;" "he stood four-square;" "cooked his spleen;" and the like.

Where Virgil particularly excels is where he is improving in detail upon Homer, upon Hesiod, upon Apollonius, or upon Ennius; in his descriptive passages, and pre-eminently in his similes. His masterpieces are the fourth and the sixth *Æneids*. In the first he follows the third and fourth books of the "Argonautica." In the second he is following the eleventh *Odyssey*. Many of his phrases, his turns, his cadences, his epithets—the *disjecta membra* of his diction, are still to be found scattered up and down the Greek poets, and the remains of the older Roman masters, his obligations to which have been pointed out by more than one of his critics. What the literature of the Old World was to the greatest artist of antiquity, that is the literature of the Old and New World to the greatest artist of our day. A parallel between Virgil and Tennyson might, we believe, be drawn closer than any other parallel which could be instituted between two poets. Such a parallel is, however, no part of our present task. Our object is merely to show that Mr. Tennyson, so far as the character of his work is concerned, stands in the same relation to the poetry of England as Virgil stood to the poetry of Rome; that they belong to the same school, that to be enjoyed thoroughly they must be studied critically, and that to be studied critically they must be studied with a constant eye to their connection with their predecessors. We shall therefore make no apology for continuing our former paper, and we offer what follows, not as any catalogue of plagiarisms, but simply as material for an illustrative commentary on the works of the greatest poet of modern times. The ancient critics were never weary of illustrating the poems of Virgil by elaborate series of parallel passages, and it was by the aid of such commentaries that his peculiar excellence became properly appreciated. There is surely no reason why works which are in point of execution inferior to none of the masterpieces of antiquity should not be studied with similar diligence and on a similar method by ourselves. A few of

the parallel passages to which we shall direct attention were obviously professed imitations, some of them may have been unconscious recollections, and many of them no doubt are merely casual coincidences. To begin, then.

In the early lyrics the predominant influences are Coleridge and Keats, the resemblance lying not so much in particular passages as in the essence of the whole—

As having clasped a rose
Within the palm, the rose being ta'en away,
The hand retains a little breath of sweet,
Holding a faint perfume of his sweet guest.

If we examine them more particularly, we shall find that from the first have been borrowed rhythm and cadence, from the second are derived that languid beauty, that voluptuous purity, that excessive richness of expression, and that curious intermixture of archaic phraseology with modern sentiment, which are the most striking characteristics of these poems. We may notice, also, how carefully the epithets and phrases have been culled from various sources. To take a few instances from many:—

It will change but it will not die,
("Nothing will Die.")

from Shelley's "Cloud"—

I change but I cannot die.

The laws of marriage *charactered*
Upon the blanched *tablets* of her heart.
("Isabel.")

Compare *Æschylus*, "Prometheus," 791—

ἦν ἐγγράφου σὺ μνήμοσιν δέλοισι φρενῶν,

or more directly Heywood's "Woman Killed with Kindness"—

Within the red-leaved *tablets* of her heart.

So in the "Ode to Memory" we have "*ribbed sand*," which occurs in the second part of the "Ancient Mariner;" "*wattled folds*" from "*Comus*," "*storied walls*" from Milton and Gray. The magnificent epithet *myriad-minded*, which occurs in the same poem, has a curious history. It was discovered first by Coleridge, as a phrase *μυρίονους* in some Byzantine critic, and applied by him with happy propriety to Shakespeare. So also we have in "The Poet" the epithet "*secretest*," from "*Macbeth*," "*the secretest man of blood*"—the *breathing Spring*, from Pope's "*Messiah*," "*with all the incense of the breathing Spring*." So again, in "*Sea Faeries*," "*the ridged sea*," from "*Lear*" (act. iv. scene 6), "*Horns wheel'd and*

waved like the ridged sea." So also "full-sailed verse" in "Eleanore" recalls Shakespeare's eighty-sixth sonnet, "the full sail of his great verse." The beautiful epithet "apple-cheek'd" in "The Islet," "a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd," is from Theocritus, Idyll xxv. 1.

χ' ἡ μαλοπάρῃς Ἀγαυή.

I feel the tears of blood arise ("Oriana"), recalls Ford's "Brother and Sister" —

Wash every word thou utterest
In tears of blood.

We may notice that the first three stanzas of "Eleanore" bear a curious resemblance to a singularly beautiful fragment of Ibycus; compare the *spirit* and images of Mr. Tennyson's verses with the following lines: —

Ἐυρύαλε, γλαυκῶν Χαρίτων θάλας
καλλικόμων μελέδῃμα, σὲ μὲν Κύπρις
ἂ τ' ἀγαροβλήφαρος Πειθὼ βοῶσιν
ἐν ἀνθεσιν θρέψαν
μύρτα τε. καὶ ἰα καὶ ἑλίκρυσος
μύλα τε καὶ βοῦα καὶ τέρενα δάφνα,
τάμνος ὠππος κλυτὸς ὄρθρος ἐγείρῃσιν ἀνδράνας.

These three poems — "Adeline," "Margaret," and "Eleanore" — should also be compared with Wordsworth's "Triad," which possibly suggested them.

Nor in passing should we forget to place side by side with Tennyson's exquisite "Mariana" the four lovely lines in which Sappho is describing some Mariana of antiquity: —

δέδυκε μὲν ἡ σελάννα
καὶ Πηλιάδες, μέσαιδε
νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ὥρα,
ἐγὼ δὲ μόνῃ κατεῖδω.

In "Mariana in the South" —

Large Hesper glitters'd on her tear,
reminds us of Keats —

No light
Could glimmer on their tears.
(Hyperion, book ii.)

In "The Two Voices" we may notice two or three parallels. The lines describing the insensibility of the dead man to the world —

His sons grew up that bear his name,
Some grew to honor, some to shame,
But he is chill to praise or blame,

recall Job, chapter xiv.: —

His sons come to honor, and he knoweth not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not.

The lines,

Moreover something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams:
Of something felt, like something here,
Of something done I know not where,

find an appropriate commentary in Wordsworth's splendid ode: —

But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon;
Both of them speak of something that is gone.
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat,
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

It may be fanciful, but we have often thought that, as Mr. Tennyson was indebted to Homer for the suggestion of "The Lotos-Eaters," so he must have been fresh from the study of Bion and Moschus when he sate himself down to the composition of that delicious poem. In two of their exquisite fragments are to be found all those qualities which characterize Mr. Tennyson's poem — its languid and dreamy beauty, its soft and luscious verse, its tone, its sentiment. How exactly parallel, for example, are the following passages! —

All things have rest, why should we toil alone?

Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?

εἰς πόσον ἂ δειλοὶ καμῶντες κ' εἰς ἔργα πονεύμετες;
ψυχὴν δ' ἄχρι τίνος ποτὶ κέρεα καὶ ποτὶ τέχνας
βάλλομετες, ἡμείροντες διὰ πολλὰ πλήθονος, ὅλβω
λαθόμεθ' ἢ ἅρα πᾶντες ὅτι θνατοὶ γενόμεθα
χῶς βραχὺν ἐκ Μοίρας λάχομεν χρόνον.

(Bion, Idyll iv.)

Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

How sweet it were, hearing the downward
stream,

To watch the emerald-color'd water falling
Through many a woven acanthus wreath divine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath
the pine.

καὶ πῶνος ἐστὶ θάλασσα . . .
αὐτὰρ ἐμοὶ γλαυκὸς ὑπὸς πλάτανος βαθυφύλλων
καὶ παγῆς φιλέομι τὸν ἐγγύθεν ἥχον ἀκούειν
ἂ τέρπει φοβέοισα τὸν ἄρμονον, οὐχὶ παράσσει.
(Moschus, Idyll v.)

It may be observed, by the way, that in "The Princess" the English poet has used the same, or nearly the same, epithets for the plane-tree as Moschus has done in the passage just quoted, "the full-leaved platans of the vale." With Bion and Moschus we cannot but think that he must have been lingering over

Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." Compare, for example, the two passages which follow with "The Lotos-Eaters":—

Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between,
And flowing beds that slumbrous influence
kest,
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant
green.

Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets
play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen,
That as they bicker'd through the sunny
glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling mur-
mur made.

A pleasant land of drowsied it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

In the fine poem of "Fatima," the lines,

O Love! O fire! *once he drew*
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips,

bear a singularly close resemblance to a passage in Achilles Tatius' "Clitophon and Leucippe" (book ii.):—

ἡ δὲ (ψυχὴ) παραχθεῖσα τῷ φιλήματι
πάλλεται. εἰ δὲ μὴ τοῖς σπλάγχνοις ἦν
δεδεμένη, ἠκολούθησεν ἂν ἐλκυσθεῖσα ἀνὰ
τοῖς φιλήμασιν.

The ballad of "Oriana" was evidently suggested by the old ballad of "Helen of Kirkconnel," both poems being based on a similar incident, and both poems being the passionate soliloquy of the bereaved lover, though Mr. Tennyson's treatment of the subject is of course all his own. In "The Palace of Art" we may notice that the phrase "the first of those who know," applied to the great philosophers, is translated from Dante, who calls Aristotle "Il maestro di color che sanno." In "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" the sentiment "'Tis only noble to be good," on which the poem is such a fine comment, was first preached by Menander:—

ὃς ἂν εὖ γεγωνὼς ἢ τῇ φύσει πρὸς τ' ὑγαθὸν
κἂν Διόψης ἢ μῆτερ, ἔστιν εὐγενής.

And by Dante, "*Convito*":—

E gentilezza dovunque virtute;
Ma non virtute ov' ella.

The conclusion of "Audley Court," where the tranquillizing effects of night are described as *gladdening the heart* of the spectators, would appear to be a rem-

iniscence of the famous moonlight scene in the eighteenth Iliad, where

γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν,

as he feels the influence of the tranquil night.

The curious expression "baby sleep" in "The Gardener's Daughter,"

And in her bosom bore the *baby sleep*,
is to be found in Shelley's "Queen Mab,"—

And on her lips
The *baby sleep* is pillowed.

In "The Palace of Art" the picture of Europa is from Moschus.

In the "Dream of Fair Women" the proud boast of Cleopatra,—

I died a queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows, etc.,
is a splendid *transfusion* of the last lines in Horace's ode (I. xxxvi.):—

Invidens
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho,

as the dirges of the young Jewish maiden remind us closely of those breathed by the young Antigone. Compare with the laureate's verses "Antigone," 845-876. Again, the lines,

With that she *tore her robe apart*, and half
The polished argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare,

are an almost literal translation from the "Hecuba," 556,—

λαβοῖσα πέπλους ἐξ ἄκρας ἐπωμίδος
ἔρρηξε. . . .
μαστοὺς τ' ἔδειξε, στέρνα θ' ὡς ἀγάλματος
κάλλιστα.

The "polished argent" exactly and most happily *interpreting* the *idea* suggested by the ἀγάλματος.

In the same poem the bold and graphic phrase,—

Saw God *divide the night with flying flame*,
suggests Horace's

Diespiter
Igni corusco nubila dividens.
(I. xxxiv.)

In the next poem we may notice in passing an odd coincidence. In "Edwin Morris" we find,—

She sent a note, the seal an *elle vous suit*,
and in "Don Juan," Julia's letter is despatched in an envelope,—

The seal a sunflower — *elle vous suit partout.*

The whole plot of "Dora" to the minutest details is taken from a prose story of Miss Mitford's ("Our Village," second series), the only difference being that in the poem Mary Hay becomes Mary Morrison. That this circumstance has not been intimated in the poem is due, no doubt, to the fact that the laureate, like Gray, leaves his commentators to trace him to his raw material; though why he should have prefixed a preface to "The Golden Supper" acknowledging his debt to Boccaccio, and should have omitted to do so in the case of "Dora" it is difficult to understand. Miss Mitford has certainly more to gain from the honor than the author of the "*Decamerone*."

The physical effect of joy on the spirits so happily described in "The Gardener's Daughter,"—

I rose up
Full of his bliss, and . . .
Felt earth as air beneath me,

has been noticed by Massinger, "City Madam," act iii., scene 3.

I am sublim'd. Gross earth
Supports me not, *I walk on air.*

We now come to "Ulysses." The germ, the spirit, and the sentiment of this poem are from the twenty-sixth canto of Dante's "*Inferno*." Mr. Tennyson has indeed done little but fill in the sketch of the great Florentine. As is usual with him in all cases where he borrows, the details and minuter portions of the work are his own; he has added grace, elaboration, and symmetry; he has called in the assistance of other poets. A rough crayon draught has been metamorphosed into a perfect picture. As the resemblances lie not so much in expression as in the general tone, we will in this case substitute for the original a literal version. Ulysses is speaking.

Neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged sire, nor the due love which ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer in me the ardor which I had to become experienced in the world, and in human vice and worth. I put out into the deep open sea with but one ship, and with that small company which had not deserted me. . . . I and my companions were old and tardy when we came to that narrow pass where Hercules assigned his landmarks. "O brothers," I said, "who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not to this the brief vigil of your senses that remain, experience of the unpeopled world beyond the sun. Consider your origin, ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowl-

edge." . . . Night already saw the other pole with all its stars, and ours so low that it rose not from the ocean floor.

Now compare the key verses of Mr. Tennyson's poem. Ulysses speaks:—

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed;
Greatly have suffered—greatly both with those
That lov'd me and alone. . . .
How dull it is to pause, to make an end!

And vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail.
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd and wrought and thought
with me,

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, . . .
you and I are old.
Death closes all; but something, ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done.

. . . Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off! . . .

for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

In the other parts of the poem the imitations from Homer and Virgil are too obvious to be specified. Passing on to "Locksley Hall," it may not be uninteresting to add to the parallel passages pointed out in a former paper two or three others.

As the husband is, the wife is,
recalls Scott's "Abbot," chapter ii:
"Know that the rank of the man rates
that of the wife." The fine line,

Cramming all the blast before it, *in its breast a
thunderbolt,*

recalls Tasso ("*Gerusalemme*," canto ix.):—

Nuova nube di polve ecco vicina,
Che *fulgori in grembo* tiene.

The singular image in the couplet,

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it
in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands,

finds a sort of parallel in a pretty verse by that elegant writer of happy trifles, W. R. Spencer:—

Thy eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of Time's glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass.

The magnificent line,

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching
of the lips,

looks like a reminiscence of Guarini's
"Pastor Fido," act ii., scene 6:—

Ma i colpi di due labbra innamorate,
Quando a ferir si va bocca con bocca,
... ove l'un alma e l'altra
Corre.

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things,

is of course Dante's—

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

In "Gënone" the line,

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
is taken almost without alteration from
Part II. of Henry VI., act ii., scene 3.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

In another very popular poem of the
laureate's we have a curiously interesting
illustration of the skill with which he
changes into his own precious metal the
less refined ore of other poets. It will
not be necessary to quote his lyric,
"Home they brought her warrior dead,"
as it will, no doubt, be fresh in the mem-
ory of every one who is likely to be in-
terested in this paper; so we proceed at
once to the parallels. In Scott's "Lay of
the Last Minstrel" (canto i., stanza 9) ap-
pear the following verses:—

O'er her warrior's bloody bier
The ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear,
Until amid her sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee.

Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

Curiously enough, the climax of the piece
— the sudden and passionate resolve on
the part of the bereaved parent to live for
the child — closely resembles a passage
in Darwin's once celebrated episode of
"Eliza" in the "Botanic Garden." There
the mother has been slain in war, and the
young husband, distracted with grief, has
abandoned himself to despair; but on his
two little children being presented to his
sight, exclaims, like Tennyson's hero-
ine,—

These bind to earth — for these I pray to live.

This similarity is, however, more curi-
ous than significant. But we now come
to a series of very interesting parallel
passages. In no poem of the laureate's
is the workmanship so strikingly superior

to the material as in "The Princess," and
in no poem, with the exception perhaps of
"In Memoriam," do we find so many
echoes of other singers. The lines,

A wind arose and rush'd upon the south,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the
shrieks
Of the wild woods together; and a voice
Went with it: Follow — follow — thou shalt
win!

forcibly remind us of Shelley's —

A wind arose among the pines, and shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and
then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of
ghosts
Were heard — O follow, follow me!

Again, —

As when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East

is, with the substitution of east for west,
from Homer (Iliad ii., lines 147-8): —

ὥς δ' ὅτε κινήσει Ζεφύρος βαθὺ λήϊον, ἐλθὼν,
λάβρος, ἐπαιγίζων, ἐπὶ τ' ἡμῖν ὕστα χύουσιν.

The ingenious simile in which the sudden
collapse of a speaker is compared to the
sudden collapse of a sail, is apparently
borrowed from Dante: —

Till as when a boat
Tacks, and her slacken'd sail flaps, etc.

Quali dal vento le gonfiate vele
Caggiono avvolte, poichè l'alber fiacca.
(Inferno, canto vii., 13-14.)

Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow,
Time.

This expression is from Wordsworth: —

Death, the skeleton,
And Time, the shadow. ("Yews.")

The curious expression,

Stared with great eyes and laugh'd with open
lips,

is literally, of course, from the twentieth
Odyssey: —

οἱ δ' ἦ ὅση γυαθμοῖσι γελῶν ὠλοτρίοισιν.

So, again, the fine simile in which the
unshaken firmness of Ida is compared to
a pine vexed and tried by storm, was evi-
dently suggested by the magnificent
simile in which Virgil compares Æneas,
under similar circumstances, to an oak.
To Homer, Mr. Tennyson is indebted for
the following: —

As one that climbs a peak to gaze
O'er land and main, and sees a great black
cloud

Drag onward from the deeps, a wall of night
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
And quenching lake by lake, and tarn by tarn,
Expunge the world.

Now compare Iliad iv. 275:—

ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σκοπῆς εἶδε νέφος αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ,
ἐρχόμενον κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύρου ἰωῆς,
τῷ δέ τ' ἀνέυθεν ἔοντι, μελάντερον, ἦτε πῖσσα,
φαίνετ' ἰὼν κατὰ πόντον, αἶγι δέ τ' ἁίλαπα πολ-
λὴν.

The beautiful line,

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
suggests Virgil's,—

Nec gemere aëriā cessabit turtur ab ulmo.
(Eclogue i. 59.)

It may not be uninteresting to notice also that the summary of the Lady Psyche's lecture bears some resemblance to that of the learned lady in Prior's "Alma." Compare

This world was once, etc.
Then the monster, then the man.

Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye view of all th' ungracious past :
Glanc'd at the legendary Amazon,
Appraised the Lycian custom ;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of empire.

Till, warming with her theme,
She fulmin'd out her scorn of Laws Salique
And little-footed China, touched on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry.

Now let us listen to Prior's learned
dame :—

She kindly talked, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms and mental powers,
Described our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation.
And lest we should grow weary, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From thence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world and builds up Babel ;
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.

This is probably only a mere coincidence ;
but we venture to think that the following
singularly happy simile must have been
an imitation, more or less unconscious,
on the part of Mr. Tennyson.

Bland the smile that, *like a wrinkling wind*
On glassy water, drove his cheek in lines.

Compare these lines from Shelley's
"Prince Athanase :"—

O'er the visage wan
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere
Of dark emotion, a swift shadow ran,
Like wind upon some forest-bosom'd lake
Glassy and dark.

Another felicitous and ingenious simile
appears to have been suggested by a pas-
sage in Wordsworth's "Excursion."

He has a solid base of temperament,
But as the *water-lily starts and slides*
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Though anchor'd to the bottom—such is he.

In the fifth book of "The Excursion"
we find,—

A thing
Subject . . . to vital accidents ;
And, *like the water-lily*, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fix'd in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves.

The whole of the passage beginning
Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain
height,

is obviously modelled on Theocritus,
Idyll xi. 41, *seq.*

A very graphic expression in "The
Sleeping Beauty,"

The silk, star-broider'd coverlet,
Unto her limbs itself doth mould,

has evidently been transferred from
Homer (Iliad xxiv. 163), where he speaks
of Priam,—

ἐντοπὺς ἐν χλαίνῃ κεκαλυμμένος.

The couplet in the l'envoi of "The Day-
Dream,"—

For we are Ancients of the Earth,
And in the morning of the times,

is obviously merely a version of Bacon's
famous paradox, "*Antiquitas sæculi,*
juventus mundi."

In "Edwin Morris" the lines,

Shall not Love to me
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you, right and left ?
are from Catullus, xlv. 8, 9,—

Amor, sinistram ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbationem.

In "Sea Dreams" the poet has appar-
ently laid the fragments of Pindar under
contribution,

My poor venture but a fleet of glass,
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.

In the 136th fragment (edit. Schneidewin)
we find,—

πелύγει δ' ἐν πολυχρύσοιο πλοῦτον
πάντες ἴσα νέμεν ψευδῇ πρὸς ἁγνάν.

In Saint Simeon Stylites, when the saint,
alluding to his mortal body, observes,—

This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings,

we are reminded of Carew's original but ludicrous couplet, —

The soul . . .
Broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin ;

or still more immediately, perhaps, of Rogers's epigram comparing man on earth to the inglorious chrysalis, and man after death to the full-fledged butterfly.

We are strongly reminded both of Horace and Virgil in the two magnificent stanzas entitled "Will." The passage —

For him nor moves the loud world's random
mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves, etc.

having been evidently suggested by the famous lines which begin the third ode of the third book ; and the verses which follow,

Who seems a promontory of rock
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock
Tempest-buffed,

are as obviously borrowed from Virgil (*Æneid* x. 693, *seq.*).

Ille velut rupes, vastum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furii, expositaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cœlique maris-
que

Ipsa immota manens.

Or possibly from the parent simile, *Iliad* Their surging charges *foamed themselves away*, xv. 618, *seq.* The fine expression,

is, with a change in the application, a reminiscence of *Æschylus* (*Agamemnon*, 1030) —

πρὶν αἵματηρὸν ἐξαφρίζεσθαι μένος.

We may notice, also, another curiously minute appropriation of an expression from *Æschylus*, in the "Morte d'Arthur,"

*Looking wistfully . . .
As in a picture.*

The Greek poet (*Agamemnon*, 230) describing *Iphigenia*, says, —

ἐβαλλ' ἑκαστὸν
ἀπ' ὀμματος βέλει φιλοκτῶ
πρέπουσα θ' ὡς ἐν γραφαῖς.

We do not propose to follow in detail the passages from the Greek and Roman poets of which Mr. Tennyson has availed himself in "*Lucretius*," but we cannot forbear noticing the felicity with which he has, in adopting, interpreted a singular epithet in Horace. The line "*Volturnum lubricis aspicit*" (*Odes* I. xix. 8), has been interpreted by many generations

of commentators as a face too *dangerous* to gaze upon. Now there is surely no reason why the epithet should not be explained as meaning a face voluptuously symmetrical, a face over which the eyes slip and wander, as it were, because in its rounded smoothness they find no particular feature on which to pause. So, reproducing the image and meaning, Mr. Tennyson —

Here an Oread — how the sun delights
To glance and shift about her *slippery* sides.

A poet is, after all, the best commentator on a poet. The beautifully graphic picture,

As the dog,
With inward yelp and restless forefoot, plies
His function of the woodland,

is almost literally from *Lucretius* iv. 991 :

Canes in molli sæpe quiete
Jactant crura tamen subito, vocesque repente
Mittunt et crebro redducunt naribus auras.

In dealing with the "*Idylls of the King*," we shall not attempt to discuss the question of Mr. Tennyson's obligations to the original romances, nor shall we draw any parallels from them. Such a task, though belonging essentially to our "*Study*," would demand more space than we can at present afford. A few parallel passages, miscellaneous selected from various authors, must therefore bring this paper to a conclusion. Several passages have already been printed in a former essay : these, of course, are here omitted.

The fine simile in "*Gareth and Lynette*," where Gareth's adversary is compared to a buoy at sea, which dips and springs but never sinks, in spite of the winds and waves rolling over it, may possibly have been suggested by a simile in *Lycophron* (*Cassandra*, Potter's edit. 755, 756), where Ulysses is compared to a cork in the sea with the winds and waves rolling over it, but not sinking it.

ἐσται, παρ' ἄλλου δ' ἄλλος, ὡς πύκνης κλάδος
βύκτης στοβητος φέλλον ἐνθρόσκων πνοαῖς.

The following coincidence is probably purely accidental, but there is a line in "*Enid*" bearing a singular resemblance to another verse in *Lycophron*, —

A shell
That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.

The Greek runs (*Cassandra*, 790) —

ὡς κόγχος ἄλμῃ πάντοθεν περιτριβεί.

The line,

She fear'd
In every *wavering brake* an ambuscade,
recalls Juvenal's timid traveller, —

Et mole ad lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram. (Sat. x. 21.)

The simile which follows just afterwards,

Like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin,

may be compared with Keats's less finished but equally graphic picture, —

Where swarms of minnows

Ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand;
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain.

He dragged his eyebrow lashes down, and made A snowy penthouse.

In this bold and graphic expression the poet is indebted to Homer's

πᾶν δὲ ἐπισκύνιον κάτω ἔλκεται, ὅσσε καλύπτων.
(*Iliad* xvii. 136.)

The elaborate care with which the concluding paragraphs of "Merlin and Vivien" have been modelled on the verses in Virgil's fourth *Æneid*, which describe the ruin of Dido, is obvious, though Mr. Tennyson's "What should not have been had been," is but a coarse substitute for the tact and delicacy of the Roman's

*Fulsere ignes et conscius æther
Connubiis, summoque ulularunt vertice Nymphae.*

The fine simile in "Lancelot and Elaine,"

All together down upon him
Bore, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,
Green glimmering toward the summit, bears,
with all

Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark,

is obviously borrowed from Homer (*Iliad* xv. 624): —

*ἐν δ' ἔπειτ' ὥς ὅτε κύμα θοῇ ἐν νηὶ πύσσειν
λάβρον ὑπὸ νεφέων ἀνεμοτρεφές, ἥ δέ τε πᾶσα
ἄχνη ὑπεκρύβθη.*

For the "stormy crests" we may compare *Iliad* iv. 426. The picturesque and minutely accurate "green glimmering towards the summit" is Mr. Tennyson's own beautiful touch.

The famous line in the same *Idyll*,

And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true,

reminds us, in its striking association of jingle, antithesis, and alliteration, of a line in Sophocles (*Ædipus Rex*, 1250), —

*ἐνθα . . .
ἐξ ἀνδρὸς ἀνδρα, καὶ τέκνῳ' ἐκ τέκνων τέκoi,*

while the actual antithesis has been anticipated in the *πίστις ἀπιστοσύνη* of Andocides ix. 32, and the "faithful in thy unfaithfulness" of Chettle. One cannot but think that in describing the dead Elaine the poet must have remembered Byron's beautiful picture of the dead Medora; compare the lines,

In her right hand the lily,
. . . all her bright hair streaming down

and she herself in white,
All but her face, and that clear-featur'd face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smil'd.

Byron's lines are : —

In life itself she was so still and fair
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there.
And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd, a sleep.

Her lips . . . seem'd as they forbore to smile,
But the white shroud and each extended tress,
Long, fair, etc.

In the same *Idyll* the lines,

A trumpet blew,
Then waiting at the doors the war-horse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice,

recall Ovid, *Met.* iii. 704, —

*Fremit acer equus cum bellicus ære canoro
Signa dedit tubicen pugnæque assumit amorem.*

So, also, in "Enid," the vivid image,

She saw
Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it,

reminds us of the fine passage in the "Anabasis" of Xenophon, in which the approach of an army at a distance is described (*Anab.* I. viii. 8): *ἐφάνη κονιορτός . . . τάχα δὲ καὶ χαλκός τις ἦσθραπτε.*

And now we must conclude. Had we thought that there would be the smallest chance of this paper or of its predecessor being misunderstood, they would never have seen the light. But we have no such fear. The purpose for which they were written has been already explained. They are offered as commentaries on works which will take their place beside the masterpieces of Greek and Roman genius, and which will, like them,

be studied with minute and curious diligence by successive generations of scholars. A versatility without parallel among poets has enabled Mr. Tennyson to appeal to all classes. His poetry is the delight of the most fastidious and of the most emotional. He touches Burns on one side, and he touches Sophocles on the other. But to the scholar, and to the scholar alone, will his most precious and his most characteristic works become in their full significance intelligible. By him they will be cherished with peculiar fondness. To him they will be like the enchanted island in Shakespeare,

Full of echoes,

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight.

To him it will be a never-ending source of pleasure to study his Tennyson as he studies his Virgil, his Dante, and his Milton.

J. C. C.

From *The Argosy*.

HARRY MARTIN'S WIFE.

BY G. B. STUART.

"I'm afraid I've finished all my yarns," said the lieutenant, thoughtfully drawing a match across the sole of his boot as he spoke, for we were smoking in the verandah of his mother's house at Southsea.

"Then tell us a true story," I suggested innocently.

The lieutenant took no heed of my impudence, but pulled away at his pipe for full five minutes, in a manner which was supposed to assist the deepest reflection. Presently he began,—

"Did I ever tell you how I got Harry Martin's wife for him?"

"No!" very incredulously from everybody; and from a chair in the background, "I should think Captain Martin was perfectly well able to get a wife for himself."

"There you are wrong," said the lieutenant, so superbly that we all felt abashed, and humbly begged for the story.

"Believe it or not," asserted the somewhat mollified sailor, "but I can assure you it is as true as—as true as—Old Boots!"

This was the lieutenant's usual formula before beginning one of his wonderful adventures, and it never failed to convince us—outwardly, at least; for who can withstand the undeniable existence of old boots? Having thus successfully closed all interrupting mouths, the lieutenant graciously proceeded to recount the

following episode in the life of Mrs. Henry Martin.

"The 'Valeria' was lying in the bay at St. Michael's, one of the dullest holes we ever put into in all my experience. Harry Martin was first lieutenant and I was second. Cripps was our captain—a good old sort enough, only he bothered us rather with reading out sermons on a Sunday, for he was a rigid Presbyterian, and was forever inveighing against the errors of Rome. Rather a queer line for a thoroughgoing sailor to take up, wasn't it?"

"Of course I could get frequent leave when I wanted a run on shore, but I didn't much care about taking it, for really there was nothing earthly to do in the place. I had a bad leg at the time, I remember, the remains of a frightful hack at football when we played the 'Excellent' and beat them into fits, in this very place, the autumn before; so I wasn't up to much walking, and couldn't visit the places beyond the town which Martin was always talking about and sketching.

"By-and-by I began to notice that, though he spoke of the general beauties of the island scenery, he appeared by his sketch-book to haunt one spot almost exclusively—the convent of Santa Agata, on the top of a hill just behind the town. There were pictures of Santa Agata from all points of the compass. It was only to me, as an old chum, that he showed those pictures; and it wasn't long before I got out of him, by dint of a little chaff and a little judicious sympathy, that he was madly in love—or fancied he was, which is just as bad, every bit, while it lasts—with one of the sisters at Santa Agata. Why, you might just as well have been in love with the moon, for all the response you could get to your finest feelings, if you centred them on a Spanish nun. And so I told Martin, for I had been through the very identical same case myself at Vera Cruz, aboard the 'Rapid.'

"'But, Jim,' said Martin quietly, looking quite shy and red in the face, for he was an awfully modest man and not half as well seasoned in these matters as I am: 'suppose there has been some response?'

"'You don't mean to say you've spoken or corresponded with her?'

"For answer Martin pulled a little packet of letters out of the breast-pocket of his jacket, tied with a piece of brand-new blue ribbon which the poor old duffer must have bought for the purpose.

"By degrees the whole story was told. He had seen Doña Dolores for the first

time three weeks before, when he had strolled into the convent, at the visiting hour, to buy some of the nuns' famous lace for his people at home. That was how the acquaintance began: by looks of admiration on the one side and apparent appreciation of them on the other. After this Martin confessed he was always buying lace every visiting day, until the old gorgoness who assisted at the lace-selling began to grow suspicious, and changed her companion for another sister more of her own calibre than pretty little Dolores. With the latter, however, our precious first lieutenant was by this time on pretty intimate speaking terms, and by means of a market-woman or a mule-girl, or some such emissary, managed to carry on a correspondence of frequent notes.

"I stared in astonishment when he told me all this, but really, there are no lengths that a shy man won't go to when once he's roused. Of all lovers, I've heard a girl say, there's nothing to come up to a shy man when he's in earnest.

"Well, so far the affair had gone and there it had stuck: for who was to say what could be the end of such a hopeless attachment? Hopeless, in so far that there was no chance of the girl ever being released from the convent, which, she now intimated to Harry Martin, she cordially hated. She was an orphan and had a lot of money, and though she had not taken the vows as a professed sister, you might just as soon expect a shark to leave hold of your leg when he had once grabbed it, as the priests and sisters of Santa Agata to let poor Miss Dolores out of their clutches. There was nothing to advise Martin to do but to cut the whole affair; not see the girl again, but just keep close by the ship until we got our sailing orders, which most of us were hoping for every day. It's a thing sailors have to do, all the world over, for one *can't* marry everybody, and it's astonishing to find how in a short time you don't want to.

"But you should have seen the fury Martin got into when I suggested this everyday course to him. He talked about honor and Christian feeling exactly as if I hadn't got either one or the other. Upon my word if he hadn't been my senior officer, and such an old chum, and such a big fellow, too, I should have knocked him down for what he said. At the same time I was sorry for him, for by this time I saw he was in earnest in the affair, so when he had quieted down a bit I said to him: 'What do you say to a rescue?'

"He jumped as if he'd been shot, and seized me by the hand. 'Do you really mean it, Jim? Will you lend a hand to help her out?'

"'Are you going to marry her?' I asked severely: 'for it's all very good fun rescuing the young lady, only goodness knows what we're to do with her afterwards. You may be sure St. Michael's will be rather too hot to hold her or us if our share in the matter gets wind. You won't be able to marry nearer than Lisbon, and I don't exactly know how you're to get her there, either, unless the boss gives her a passage, which perhaps is a little too much to expect. It might interfere with the efficiency of his first officer.'

"Poor Martin stood speechless, for though he had jumped at my suggestion, and evidently had considered the possibility of rescuing Dolores from her prison, his plans had here evidently stopped short. He had not reflected that the English consul would never marry them in the teeth of the Spanish authorities, who would probably tear us to pieces for meddling with one of their ewe-lambs.

"Well, Martin may be a very smart officer — indeed, there is no doubt about that — and he may have been a red-hot lover, but he certainly was not much of a strategist. So while I was maturing the plan, in which I was now almost as much interested as he, I set him to write to the lady and formally offer her marriage, to be arranged for and carried out as soon as ever she could be conveyed safely to Lisbon: always provided that she herself could elude the vigilance of the sisters, and join her lover outside the convent walls on an appointed evening. Back came her answer through the medium of old Carmen of the market, a friendly old hag who carried vegetables up to the convent every day. The escape would be difficult, but not impossible. Carmen was to leave certain doors and windows of the back premises unlocked, and Dolores was to slip out at the time appointed. But, oh! were the English señors certain that she would not be caught afterwards, for she knew that if she were the penalty would be death — or next door to it.

"Meanwhile, I had been laying out the whole plot, and very prettily I had dovetailed one thing in with another. There was an old Irishwoman, married to a Portuguese Jew fruit merchant, who lived in the Jews' quarter of the town. I had heard her tongue going one day like a

mill-clapper, as I passed by, and there was no mistaking her accent. I often used to stop and have a chat with her about the beauties of Queenstown, which she upheld against all comers. What her religion was I never discovered, for she held the priests in as great detestation as Captain Cripps himself; whilst she spoke with high disdain of her Jew husband and his religious exercises, though she allowed he had more religion than a 'Protestant.' But she was a good old creature in the main, and her house, though rather an unsavory retreat, was the only safe asylum I could think of where Dolores might be concealed until the Lisbon steamer could carry her off from St. Michael's.

"Perhaps you'll ask why didn't we postpone the adventure altogether till the very day of the Lisbon steamer's sailing; but this we did not dare do, for the 'Valeria' was under orders to sail at a moment's notice, and at any minute the orders might come and the 'Valeria' weigh anchor, leaving the poor little nun unrescued on the top of the hill. In my heart of hearts I shouldn't have thought this any great misfortune, for I was well aware that what we were undertaking was a terrible risk, and like enough to land us in no end of difficulties; but once entered on the undertaking I was not going to draw back, and the heartfelt gratitude of Martin for my co-operation, combined with the enthusiasm of old Mother Zachary when I let her by degrees into the secret, kept up my courage for the adventure. I couldn't divest Madame Zachary's mind of the idea that I was really the principal in the affair, and I had to undergo a considerable amount of chaff and much Hibernian humor before I managed finally to arrange that Martin and I were to bring the young lady on a mule to her house on the night appointed, where she was to hide the runaway, and provide a disguise for her in which she could be hustled on board the Lisbon steamer, accompanied by her hostess as duenna.

"Once safe in Lisbon, the girl could be placed with friends of Martin's (we had been hanging off and on thereabouts for six months or so, and knew all the English residents in the Portuguese capital) until the marriage could take place, and Mrs. Martin be sent home to England. We did not anticipate any further trouble would be taken about her if she once got clear of St. Michael's, and Martin, unlike some other poor fellows that I could mention, could afford to marry whom he pleased.

"Everything was well in train. The night arrived, and Miss Dolores was appointed to make her exit from the convent at half past eight precisely. Martin and I were to be in hiding outside, with mules to carry us down the hill by a circuitous route to the Jews' quarter—a deserted part of the town, where Mother Zachary and her fruit merchant lived.

"But at the last moment came a terrible hitch! When Martin and I applied for leave on shore for the evening, old Cripps told us that he intended dining and sleeping on shore himself, at the consul's, and he could not give leave to both his senior officers to absent themselves the same evening. We could decide between ourselves which was to remain, but one must certainly do so.

"We dared not show the captain how dreadfully we took his sentence to heart, but withdrew with our usual bows, looking unutterable things at each other.

"'You must go,' whispered Martin; 'I'm no good at all; I should lose my head and spoil it all. You *must* go, Jim, old fellow, if you're still game for it, though goodness knows how I shall get through the time till I know you are safe!'

"There was nothing for it but for me to go as Martin said, for he was so excited he would have 'boshed' the whole thing. So, by-and-by, having given the captain, in his full dress togs, the precedence by about half an hour, I was rowed ashore, just about sunset, and told my men to be ready to take me off again to the 'Valeria' at ten that evening. I went round to the Plaza and hired a mule, avowedly for a ride into the country: and a miserable brute I got, for all the animals were out except this one, at the consular dinner-party. I dawdled about the town for a while: then, after the angelus had finished singing, and the dusk began to creep down, I turned my beast's head up a narrow side street, which led to the very walls of Santa Agata.

"There was scarcely any one about, for the natives have an idea that the hour after sunset is unwholesome in the outer air; so I made my way up the street unnoticed by any one, except that at a turn of the road I saw the sharp eyes of Carmen, the market-woman, glancing at me, first suspiciously, then knowingly, as she descended the hill with her empty baskets piled on her back. Very soon I was safely landed at the appointed spot, a thick clump of coarse elder bushes which grew close under a small stone

window belonging to some outer buildings of the convent kitchen department. The window was a good bit above my head, and so deeply imbedded in the thickness of the wall, that it was only by standing well out from the building that I could see into the aperture, which was secured on the inside by a screen of wire trellis-work, such as is often used over larder windows.

"This was the opening which Carmen was to have loosened, and sure enough, after a short spell of waiting, I could plainly hear a rustling and rummaging inside. Then a hand pulled back the screen, and a minute after, something soft and black, of no particular outline whatever, filled up the window frame, and came creeping outwards towards the edge of the wall. 'Are you ready?' asked a soft voice, and almost before I could reply, something jumped bang into my outstretched arms. I declare to you she was not much bigger than a good-sized kitten. Such a little bit of a thing as Martin's Dolores I never saw in my life. For my part, I like them tall, and broad too," observed the lieutenant, in the confidential rather than the narrative strain; "but this Dolores was a wonderful beauty though there was so little of her.

"She was a bit frightened and shy at first, especially when she discovered, by catching hold of my whiskers, that I was not Martin, who shaved clean in those days. But very soon I had got her on the mule and explained matters in my best Spanish, and we were creeping stealthily down the hill, the best of friends, and Dolores, who was not more than seventeen, apparently in childish high spirits at the success of our enterprise.

"But though she had done her part so easily, I didn't feel at all sure that the adventure was ended. There were lights moving to and fro at the upper windows of the convent, and at any moment her presence might be missed, whilst the open window, with its piled stools and boxes on the inside, would declare which road she had taken.

"Just at this juncture, the confounded mule, that up to this had behaved himself pretty decently, began to tack about in a manner simply fiendish. He was all over the road at once, and you never knew whether his head or his heels would be uppermost. I suppose it was the girl's clothes that excited him, unless the beast was in league with the priests, and was doing his little best to stop the affair—those Spanish mules are artful enough for

anything. Added to this, Miss Dolores got frightened, and I could hardly keep her from screaming out; and my leg, which had not done so much work for a long while, began to ache and throb so that I could scarcely keep up with the mule's vagaries.

"We hadn't made more than a quarter of our journey, when I saw plainly enough, by the sudden appearance of lights and torches in front of the convent above us, that the little sister's escape was discovered, and that the holy ladies were in hot pursuit. I wasn't so frightened of the ladies themselves, for I flatter myself I have rather a knack of managing *them*, but I had an unpleasant idea that they might have called in the assistance of hardy peasants armed with pitchforks, the thought of whom I did not relish so much.

"In vain I dug my dirk into the hind-quarters of the mule; we could not keep the pace; and soon cries and noise behind us in the darkness, told us that our pursuers were close upon us. At the top of the steep vineyard path I seized the end of the nun's black cloak, and wrapping it round her head, to prevent her cries being heard—for she was by this time quite beside herself with fear—I jumped off the mule and dashed with her into the vineyard which edged the road on either side with stumpy thick bushes.

"The mule, released from restraint, and maddened by a last prod from my dirk, galloped with astonishing clatter down the narrow road, followed almost instantaneously by a shouting mob of people, all in pursuit of what they believed to be the heretic and his captive. I could not help chuckling as they tore by, the old jackass leading the way at a speed to which I had been vainly urging him all the evening.

"But there was no time to be lost, for the road which the pursuers had taken was the one that led straight to the entrance of the Jews' quarter, and it was clearly impossible to try and make that port. I had not a moment to reflect, or probably I should not have dared to do what I did. Raising and disentangling Dolores from her heavy cloak, I half dragged, half carried her across the vineyards, down to the seaboard, and thence by the quickest and quietest road, to the steps where I had told the men to meet me with the boat. It was lying in waiting, for the big clock of the cathedral had just gone ten, and without ceremony I tumbled my living bundle into it, and

jumping in after her, gave the word to be off.

"Not a minute too soon — for the quay was all at once alight and alive with people and lanterns. The news of the escaped nun had just reached the town, and I saw my old enemy the mule being dragged into the Plaza and surrounded by a crowd of gaping Spaniards, who seemed to expect he would open his mouth and tell them what had become of the runaway. Our boat did not altogether escape notice, for some one ran along the quay with a lantern, and cast a long, bright flash across our course; but we had pulled through it before any one could have recognized that the dark mass in the stern of the boat was the lost lady.

"My men pulled on in steady, stony British silence, just as if their officers were in the habit of making a dash for it every two or three evenings a week, with some young lady or other. But I was beginning to feel horribly uncomfortable as to the reception Captain Cripps would give me and our fair visitor, and I recollected with relief, that for this night at all events, he was safely disposed of. I thought it best to give the men my version of the story: so, before we reached the 'Valeria,' I told them, in the most businesslike manner possible, that the young lady was detained against her will in a convent, and had appealed for protection to the British man-o'-war. 'Where she'll find it, lads, of course!' I ended, with a confidence which I'm bound to say I was very far from feeling.

"Wasn't I glad just to find myself safe aboard the 'Valeria' again, handing over Dolores, who by this time was quite frightened and cowed into silence, to my superior officer, as in duty bound, and retiring a bit aft myself until their first greetings should be over. Then I came forward and explained briefly how it was that the plan of boarding Mother Zachary in the Jews' quarter had fallen through, and exonerated myself for taking the dangerous step of bringing the girl to the 'Valeria,' which would in all probability be searched the first thing next morning by the local officials with a warrant from the English consul.

"Naturally the presence of the lady could not be concealed from the other officers and the ship's company, most of whom were already agog to know who was this mysterious female who had suddenly appeared on the quarter-deck. Martin, calling the men together, gave them much such an explanation of the

affair as I had made in the boat, keeping his own and my special part in the business cleverly out of sight, and leaving each of his auditors with a pleasing impression that it was in consequence of his own remarkable honor and gallantry that the poor distressed Spanish girl had flown for protection to the men of the 'Valeria.'

"Martin then conducted Doña Dolores to his own cabin, where she was entreated to make herself as much at home as possible, for though an untoward accident had marred the completion of our plans for her safety, there was not a man on board the ship that night who would not prevent her return to the convent if necessary with his life. Martin was to turn in along with me, but though I was almost dead beat, it was a long time before he would let me get to sleep for discussing a hundred different ways of concealing the young lady during the search which we knew was inevitable next day, and for appeasing the wrath of the captain, a rigid disciplinarian and martinet, which was only one degree less terrible. I fell asleep in the middle of the discussion, and Martin, I believe, went up on deck to star-gaze, or else stationed himself on guard outside his own cabin door, within which he had cautioned the girl to remain until something was decided for her safety.

"I was roused out of what seemed only like half an hour's sleep by the knock and entrance of Mat, one of the mess waiters: a clever, handy chap, whom I had several times thought of taking into our confidence when the rescue scheme was at first undeveloped. Having coughed and hemmed once or twice, and fidgetted about with my things, which lay in a heap on the floor, as I had kicked them off at night, Mat looked at me very knowingly and said, pulling his forelock:

"'If you please, sir, don't you nor the first officer be in any taking about the young lady. With your permission me and some of the other chaps have a plan which'll beat the Papishes hollow. Just you give us leave, sir, and the thing's done, and the young lady as safe as a bird, sir.'

"'But what's your plan?' said I, for I was beginning to feel I'd done enough in the concern, and would willingly shove off the rest of the responsibility upon Martin, or Mat, or any one who liked to take it.

"'Music, sir,' said Mat, coming confidentially nearer, and chuckling so that I could hardly make out what he said.

'We'll receive the gentlemen, or deputation, or what not, with all the ropes manned, and the colors flying, and the band playing on deck, just as if it was the admiral or the dook himself.'

"Well, and what then?" I asked rather crossly: for I couldn't quite see the point of his wonderful reception, nor how it was to relieve us of anxiety on the score of Dolores' and our own safety.

"Why, the big drum, sir!" said Mat, triumphantly, as if now he had mentioned something so crushingly conclusive that all further explanation was unnecessary. 'I plays it as you know, and I'll play it to-morrow, but not so hard as to hurt the young lady inside, sir!'

"And in the big drum Dolores was actually concealed next morning when old Captain Cripps, as innocent as a lamb of what had occurred during his absence, conducted a strong party of priests and police officials over and into every nook and corner of the 'Valeria' in search of the missing nun. We were all in fits of laughter while the old fellow did the honors of his vessel, and the Spaniards' faces grew longer as their search proved fruitless and unavailing. They left not a cranny unnoticed, while the band played gaily on deck, and the big drum appeared to do quite as much duty as usual, though the broad grins of the faces of some of the bandsmen, and the preternatural solemnity of Mat's countenance might have led any one to suspect that something was up.

"Martin was of course introduced to the visitors as first officer of the ship, and one old priest asked him suspiciously if this were the usual state of things on board an English vessel, band playing and flags flying as if for a holiday?

"Oh, no," Martin answered coolly; 'we saw that the captain was bringing off a boatload of distinguished visitors the first thing this morning, and I instantly set about having the ship dressed and the music playing to do honor to their arrival!'

"The old chap couldn't but be pleased at this compliment, and at last they all cleared out, making a thousand apologies for having for an instant suspected any of our honorable number of complicity in the nun's escape. We heard them as they left deciding to make for the opposite side of the island, where dwelt a wild tribe of fisher people who might have given the girl shelter. How we laughed as they were rowed ashore! Although there was still old Cripps to tell, which

to my mind was the worst part of it all, our spirits began to rise with the success of our last move.

"The bandsmen cleared up their instruments and retired, and Dolores was huddled back into Martin's cabin, where breakfast was spread, and the key turned on her. I believe the captain was the only man on board his own ship who did not see the whole transaction: but he was tremendously taken up with our immediate sea-going orders, which had just arrived, and the anchors were to be weighed and the 'Valeria' off to Lisbon without an hour's delay.

"We all had to look alive that morning, and I declare it wasn't till we sat down to dinner in the afternoon, by which time we were almost out of sight of St. Michael's, that I had time to think of the little prisoner in Martin's cabin; though to judge from his moony look Martin had never thought of anything else. Naturally the conversation at the captain's table, at which the senior officers likewise dined, turned upon the examination of the morning, and in answer to a mute appeal from Martin opposite, who was unable to say a word, I boldly asked old Cripps, pointblank, what he would have done if the poor little girl *had* run for refuge to the 'Valeria' from the tyranny of the priests.

"Done, sir!" thundered the old gentleman, spluttering over his grog in his excitement, 'I'd have done what every other Christian and officer and gentleman would have done; given the poor little creature shelter and protection from the rascals that were hunting her, and a chance of becoming a sensible British Protestant! Why, by Jove, when those smooth-faced blackguards went sneaking over my ship this morning and I had to palaver and speak civilly to them, I just wished the girl *had* been aboard, that I might have had a hand in saving her. I'll warrant you we'd have managed to keep her out of sight!'

"Martin gave a gasp, like a whale coming up to blow, and jumping up from table unceremoniously rushed out. In a moment he was back again holding the little nun by the hand.

"Of course old Cripps couldn't say anything, after the manner in which he had committed himself beforehand. And though he gave us a tremendous jawing about the serious risk, etc., we had run, I believe he enjoyed the lark as much as any one: especially as his part in it didn't begin until all the danger was over. I'm

not sure that he would have liked driving that jackass down the vineyards; but he was wonderful polite to Doña Dolores, and made her as comfortable and welcome as possible, lent her some sermons to read, which she took very demurely, and evidently felt he had scored one to himself off the pope by that move. We got into Lisbon the next day, and the girl was handed over to the English chaplain's wife, who rigged her out for her wedding with Martin, which took place a few days afterwards.

"After that she was sent home to Martin's mother at Southampton, and I believe she went to school for a bit; anyway Martin got his promotion shortly, and left the service to settle down in Hampshire with madam. And a rare little handful he's found her, I believe, for she can't help flirting any more than she can help breathing, though I really think she likes old Harry Martin best in the main.

"Now you may argue," concluded the lieutenant, putting his pipe back permanently into his mouth and speaking through one corner of it, to signify that his tale was nearly finished: "you may argue that marriages are made in Heaven, and I devoutly hope Providence is settling a good match for me up aloft, but you'll allow, after listening to this yarn, that I had a pretty good lot to do with getting Harry Martin his wife!"

From The Popular Science Review.
CLIMBING PLANTS.

BY FRANCIS DARWIN, F.L.S.

I THINK most people have a general idea of what a climbing plant is. Even in the smoky air of London two representatives of the class flourish. A certain house in Portman Square shows how well the Virginian creeper will grow; and the ivy may be seen making a window-screen for some London dining-rooms.

Many other climbing plants will suggest themselves: the vine, the honeysuckle, the hop, the bryony, as forming more or less striking elements in the vegetation.

If we inquire what qualities are common to these otherwise different plants, we find that they all have weak and straggling stems, and that instead of being forced, like many weakly-built plants, to trail on the ground, they are all enabled to raise themselves high above it, by at-

taching themselves in some way to neighboring objects. This may be effected in different ways; by clinging to a flat surface, like the ivy, or twining round a stick, like the hop, or making use of tendrils, like the vine.

These various contrivances have been studied by more than one German naturalist, as well as by my father, in whose book on the "Habits of Climbing Plants" very full details upon this subject will be found.

Climbing plants are, first of all, divided roughly into those which twine and those which do not twine; twiners are represented by the hop and the honeysuckle, and all those plants which climb up a stick by winding spirally round it. Those which are not twiners—that is, which do not wind spirally round a stick—are such as support themselves by seizing hold of any neighboring object with various kinds of grasping organs; these may be simple hooks, or adhering roots, or they may be elaborate and sensitive tendrils, which seize hold of a stick with a rapidity more like the action of an animal than of a plant. We shall come back to this second class of climbing plants, and shall then consider their various kinds of seizing organs. I merely wish now to insist on the importance of distinguishing between these two methods of climbing, in one of which the plant ascends a support by travelling spirally round it, in the other fixes on to the support by seizing it at one place, and continuing to seize it higher and higher up as its stem increases in length.

I have heard the curator of a foreign botanic garden bitterly complain of his gardeners that they never could learn the difference between these two classes of climbing plants, and that they would only give a few bare sticks to some tendril-bearing plant, expecting it to twine up them like a hop, while the plant really wanted a twiggy branch, up which it might creep, seizing a twig with each of its delicate tendrils, as it climbed higher and higher. These two kinds of climbers—twiners and non-twiners—may be seen growing up their appropriate supports in any kitchen garden where the scarlet-runners twine spirally up tall sticks, while the peas clamber up the bushy branches stuck in rows in the ground.

A hop plant will supply a good example of the mode of growth of true twining plants. Let us imagine that we have a young hop plant growing in a pot; we

will suppose that it has no stick to twine up, and that its pot stands in some open place where there are no other plants to interfere with it. A long, thin shoot will grow out, and not being strong enough to support itself in the upright position, will bend over to one side. So far we have not discovered anything remarkable about our hop; it has sent out a straggling shoot, which has behaved, as might be expected, by falling over to one side. But now if we watch the hop plant closely, a very remarkable thing will be seen to take place. Supposing we have noticed that the shoot, when it began to bend over, pointed towards the window—say a north window—and that when we next look at it after some hours, it points into the room, that is to say, south, and again, north after another interval, we shall have discovered the curious fact that the hop plant has a certain power of movement by which its shoot may sometimes point in one direction, sometimes in another. But this is only half the phenomenon, and if we examine closely, we shall find that the movement is *constant* and *regular*, the stem first pointing north, then east, then west, then south, in regular succession, so that its tip is constantly travelling round and round like the hand of a watch, making on an average, in warm August weather, one revolution in two hours. Here, then, is a most curious power possessed by the shoots of twining plants, which is worth inquiring further into, both as regards the way in which the movement is produced, and as to how it can be of any service to the plant. Questions are often asked in gardening periodicals as to how hops or other climbing plants always manage to grow precisely in the direction in which they will find a support. This fact has surprised many observers, who have supposed that climbing plants have some occult sense by which they discover the whereabouts of the stick, up which they subsequently climb. But there is in reality no kind of mystery in the matter: the growing shoot simply goes swinging round till it meets with a stick, and then it climbs up it. Now a revolving shoot may be more than two feet long, so that it might be detained in its swinging-round movements by a stick fixed into the ground at a distance of nearly two feet. There would then be a straight bit of stem leading from the roots of the plant, in a straight line to the stick up which it twines, so that an observer who knew nothing of the swinging-round movement might be pardoned

for supposing that the plant had in some way perceived the stick and grown straight at it. This same power of swinging round slowly comes into play in the very act of climbing up a stick.

Suppose I take a rope and swing it round my head: that may be taken to represent the revolving of the young hop shoot. If, now, I allow it to strike against a rod, the end of the rope which projects beyond the rod curls freely round it in a spiral. And this may be taken as a rough representation of what a climbing plant does when it meets a stick placed in its way. That is to say, the part of the shoot which projects beyond the stick continues to curl inwards till it comes against the stick; and as growth goes on, the piece of stem which is projecting is, of course, all the while getting longer and longer; and as it is continually trying to keep up the swinging-round movement, it manages to curl round the stick. But there is a difference between the rope and the plant in this; that the rope curls round the stick at the same level as that at which it is swung, so that if it moves round in a horizontal plane at a uniform height above ground, it will curl round the stick at that level, and thus will not climb *up* the stick it strikes against. But the climbing plant, although it may swing round when searching for a stick, at a fairly uniform level, yet when it curls round a stick, does not retain a uniform distance from the ground, but by winding round like a corkscrew it gets higher and higher at each turn.

One may find a further illustration of the action of twining in the swinging-rope model. It is a peculiarity of twining plants that they can only ascend moderately thin supports. A scarlet-runner can climb up a bit of string, or a thin stick, an inch or two in diameter, but when it comes to anything thicker than this, it fails to do so. Just as when the swinging-rope strikes against a large trunk of a tree, it would be unable to take a turn round it, and would fall to the ground instead of gripping it with a single turn, as it does a thin stick. The difficulty which a climbing plant has in ascending a thick stick will be better understood by going back to the original swinging-round movement which the plant makes in search of a stick, and considering how the movement is produced.

As plants have no muscles, all their movements are produced by unequal growth; that is, by one-half of an organ growing in length quicker than the oppo-

site half. Now the difference between the growth of a twining plant which bends over to one side, and an ordinary plant which grows straight up in the air, lies in this, that in the upright shoot the growth is nearly equal on all sides at once, whereas the twining plant is always growing much quicker on one side than the other.

It may be shown by means of a simple model, how unequal growth can be converted into revolving movement. The stem of a young hop is represented by a flexible rod, of which the lower end is fixed, the upper one being free to move. At first the rod is supposed to be growing vertically upward, but when it begins to twine, one side begins to grow quicker than any of the others; suppose the right side to do so, the result will be that the rod will bend over towards the left side. Now let the region of quickest growth change, and let the left side begin to grow quicker than all the others, then the rod will be forced to bend back over to the other side. Thus, by an alteration of growth, the rod will bend backwards and forwards from right to left. But now imagine that the growth of the rod on the sides nearest to and furthest from us enter into the combination, and that after the right side has been growing quickest for a time, the far side takes it up, then the rod will not bend straight back towards the right, as it did before, but will bend to the near side. Now the old movement caused by the left side growing quickest, will come in again, to be followed by the near side growing quickest. Thus by a regular succession of growth on all the sides, one after another, the swinging-round movement is produced, and by a continuation of this action, as I have explained, the twining movement is produced.

I have spoken as if the question of how plants twine were a completely solved problem, and in a certain sense it is so. I think that the explanation which I have given will remain as the fundamental statement of the case. But there is still much to be made out. We do not in the least know why every single hop plant in a field twines like a left-handed screw, while every single plant in a row of beans twines the other way; nor why in some rare instances a species is divided, like the human race, into right and left-handed individuals, some twining like a left-handed, others like a right-handed screw. Or, again, why some very few plants will twine half-way up a stick in one direction,

and then reverse the spiral and wind the other way. Nor though we know that in all these plants the twining is caused by the change in the region of quickest growth, have we any idea what causes this change of growth. There is still much to work at, and it is to be hoped that there are still plenty of workers to solve the problems. It is by looking to exceptions that the key to a problem is often found. It is the exceptions to general rules that often lead us to understand the meaning and origin of the rules themselves; and it is to such exceptions that any one who wants to work at climbing plants should turn. Now, it is a general rule that a climbing plant twines in the same way that it revolves. It seems an obvious thing that in the case of the rope model, if we swing the rope round our head in the direction of the hands of a watch, it must twine round the stick against which it strikes in the same direction. But in plants it is not always so. In the large majority of cases it is so, for if this were not the case the illustration of the rope would not have been applicable; but it is not universally the rule. Every individual of the plant *Hibbertia* always twines round its stick in the same direction, but when it is performing the swinging movement in search of a support, it is found that some plants travel round with the sun, others in an opposite direction. This fact forms an exception of a striking kind — and such exceptions are worthy of close study.

There are other facts of a different nature, which seem to show how difficult the problem is, and how delicately balanced is that part of the organization of the plant which is connected with the power of climbing. For instance, if we cut a branch of most shrubs, and put it in water, it goes on growing, apparently as healthily as ever. Indeed the practice of making cuttings — where a cut-off branch or shoot develops roots and turns into a new plant — shows us that no serious injury is thus caused. But the twining organization is sensitive to such treatment. A cut branch of hop placed in water was observed to make its revolutions in about twenty hours, whereas in its natural condition — growing on the plant — it makes a complete turn in two or three hours. Again, if a plant growing in a pot is moved from one greenhouse to another, the slight shaking thus caused is sufficient to stop the revolving movement for a time, — another proof of the delicacy of the internal machinery of the plant.

Some of the problems, as, for instance, why twining plants cannot as a rule climb thick stems, may be looked at from the natural-history point of view. Most of our climbing plants die down in the winter, so that if they were able to climb round big tree-trunks, they would waste all the precious summer weather in climbing a few feet, whereas the same amount of longitudinal growth devoted to twining up a thin stick would have raised them up to the light after which they are striving. And as a plant exercises no choice, but merely swings round till it hits against an object, up which it will then try to twine, it seems as if the inability to climb thick stems might be a positive advantage to a plant, by forcing it to twine up such objects as would best repay the trouble.

In the classification of climbing plants, proposed by my father in his book, he makes a sub-division of "hook-climbers." These may be taken as the simplest representatives of that class of climbers which are not twining plants. The common bramble climbs or scrambles up through thick underwood, being assisted by the re-curved spines which allow the rapidly growing shoot to creep upwards as it lengthens, but prevent it from slipping backwards again. The common goose-grass (*Galium*) also climbs in this way, sticking like a burr to the side of a hedge-row up which it climbs. Most country boys will remember having taken advantage of this burr-like quality of *Galium* in making sham birds' nests, the prickly stems adhering together in the desired form. Such plants as the bramble or *Galium* exhibit none* of the swinging-round movement which I have described in twiners: they simply grow straight on, trusting to their hooks to retain the position gained.

In some species of clematis we find a mechanism, which reminds one of a simple hook-climber, but is in reality a much better arrangement. The young leaves projecting outwards and slightly backwards from the stem, may remind us of the hooked spines of a bramble, and like them easily catch on neighboring objects, and support the trailing stem. Or the leaf of a clematis may serve as an example of a leaf acting like a hook. The main stalk of the leaf is bent angularly downwards at the points where each

successive pair of leaflets is attached, and the leaflet at the end of the leaf is bent down at right angles, and thus forms a grappling apparatus. The clematis does not, like the bramble, trust to mere growth, to thrust itself among tangled bushes, but possesses the same power of revolving in search of a support which simple or true twining plants possess. Indeed, many species of clematis are actually twining plants, and can wind spirally up a stick placed in their way. And the same revolving movement which enables them thus to wind spirally, also helps them to search for some holding-place for their hook or grapple-like leaves, and in many species the search is carried on by the leaves swinging round, quite independently of a revolving movement of the stem on which they are borne.

If a leaf of a clematis succeed by any means in hooking on to a neighboring object, the special characteristic of leaf-climbing plants comes into play. The stalk of the leaf curls strongly over towards the object touching it, and clasps it firmly. It is obvious how great is the advantage thus gained over a mere hook. A leaf might be made to catch on to a neighboring twig by its bent stalk, in such a way, that although it managed to stay where it was, it could bear none of the weight of the plant, and would be liable to be displaced by a strong wind or other disturbance. But when the stalk of the leaf had curled close round the twig, nothing could displace it, and it could take its share in the work of supporting the plant.

The extreme sensitiveness of the leaf-stalk to slight and gentle touches, gives a curious idea of the alertness of the plant in its search for supporting objects. A leaf may be excited to bend, by a loop of string weighing only one-sixteenth of a grain. It is an interesting fact that, in such a hook-like leaf as that of *Clematis viticella*, the hooked end of the leaf, which has the best chance of coming into contact with obstacles, is the most sensitive part. This has been made out by hanging small weights on different parts of the leaf, and it is found that the terminal leaflet bends in a few hours after a loop of string weighing less than a grain is hung on it, and which produced no effect in twenty-four hours on the other petioles. One may see proof of the sensitiveness of the leaf-stalks of the wild English clematis, which sometimes catches withered leaves or delicate stalks of the quaking-grass. The same thing is shown by a leaf after hav-

* That is to say, the revolving movement is not sufficiently developed to be of practical importance. The same remark is applicable to the other cases in which I have spoken of the absence of revolving movement in the growing parts of plants.

ing been touched with a little water-color, the delicate crust of dry paint being mistaken for something touching the plant. In such cases, or when the leaf has been merely rubbed with a twig, which is taken away before the leaf seizes it, the plant discovers that it has been deceived, and after bending for a time, it unbends and becomes straight again.

The bending, which enables a leaf to seize a twig, is not the only change which the stimulus of a touch produces. The leaf-stalk swells and becomes thicker and more woody, and turns into a strong, permanent support to the plant. The thickened and woody leaf-stalks remain in winter after the leafy part has dropped off, and in this condition they are strikingly like real tendrils.

The genus *Tropaeolum*, whose cultivated species are often called nasturtiums, also consists of leaf-climbing plants, which climb like clematis by grasping neighboring objects with their leaf-stalks.

In some species of *Tropaeolum* we find climbing organs developed, which cannot logically be distinguished from tendrils; they consist of little filaments, not green like a leaf, but colored like the stem. Their tips are a little flattened and furrowed, but never develop into leaves; and these filaments are sensitive to a touch, and bend towards a touching object, which they clasp securely. Filaments of this kind are borne by the young plant, but it subsequently produces filaments with slightly enlarged ends, then with rudimentary or dwarfed leaves, and finally with full-sized leaves; when these are developed they clasp with their leaf-stalks, and then the first-formed filaments wither and die off; thus the plant, which in its youth was a tendril-climber, gradually develops into a true leaf-climber. During the transition, every gradation between a leaf and a tendril may be seen on the same plant.

It is not always the stalk of a leaf which is developed into the clasping organ; tendrils are formed from flower-stalks, in which the flowers are not developed, or the whole stem of the plant or a single branch may turn into a tendril. In one curious case of monstrosity, what should have been a prickle on a sort of cucumber, grew into a long, curled tendril.

The family of the bignonias is one of the most interesting of the class of tendril-climbers on account of the variety of adaptation which is found among them.

In a species of bignonias the leaf bears a pair of leaflets, and ends in a

tendril having three branches. The main tendril may be compared to a bird's leg with three toes, each bearing a small claw. And this comparison seems apt enough, for when the tendril comes against a twig, the three toes curl round it like those of a perching bird.

Besides the toes or tendrils, the leaf-stalk is sensitive, and acts like that of a regular leaf-climber, wrapping itself round a neighboring object.

In some cases the young leaves have no tendrils at their tips, but clasp with their stalks, and this is a case exactly the reverse of *Tropaeolum*—a tendril-climber whose young leaves have no tendrils, instead of a leaf-climber whose young climbing organs are not leaves. Thus the close relationship that exists between leaf and tendril climbers is again illustrated.

This plant also combines the qualities of another class of climbers, namely twiners, for it can wind spirally round a support as well as a hop or any other true twiner. Another species, *B. Tweediana*, also helps to support itself by putting out roots from its stems, which adhere to the stick up which the plant is climbing. So that here are four different methods of climbing,—twining, leaf, tendril, and root climbing, which are usually characteristic of different classes of climbing plants, combined in a single species.

Among the bignonias are found tendrils with various curious kinds of sensitiveness. The tendrils of one species exhibit, in the highest perfection, the power of growing away from light towards darkness, just the opposite to the habit of most plants. A plant, growing in a pot, was placed so that the light came in on one side. One tendril was pointing away from the light to begin with, and thus did not move; but the opposite tendril, which was pointing towards the light, bent right over, and became parallel to the first tendril. The pot was then turned round, so that both pointed towards the light, and they both moved over to the other side, and pointed away from the light. In another case, in which a plant, with six tendrils, was placed in a box, open at one side, all six tendrils pointed like so many weathercocks in the wind—all truly towards the darkest corner of the box. These tendrils also showed a curious power of choice. When it was found that they preferred darkness to light, it was tried whether they would seize a blackened glass tube, or a blackened zinc plate. The tendrils curled round both

these objects, but soon recoiled, and unwound with, what my father says, he can only describe as disgust. A post with very rugged bark was then put near them; twice they touched it for an hour or two, and twice they withdrew; but at last one of the hooked tendrils caught hold of a little projecting point of bark; and now it had found what it wanted. The other branches of the tendril quickly followed it, spreading out, adapting themselves to all the inequalities of the surface, and creeping into all the little crevices and holes in the bark. Finally a remarkable change took place in the tendrils: the tips which had crept into the cracks, swelled up into little knobs, and ultimately secreted a sticky cement, by which they were firmly glued into their places. This plan of forming adhesive discs on its tendrils is one which we shall find used by the Virginia creeper, as its only method of support, and it forms the fifth means of climbing to be met with among the bignonias. We see now the meaning of the power possessed by the tendrils of moving towards the dark, for in this way they are enabled to find out and reach the trunks of trees to which they then become attached. It seems, moreover, that the tendrils are especially adapted to the moss or lichen-covered trees, for the tendrils are much excited by wool, flax, or moss, the fibres of which they can seize in little bundles. The swelling process is so delicate, that when two or three fine fibres rest on the end of a tendril, the swelling occurs in crests, thinner than a hair, which insert themselves between, and finally envelope the fibres. This goes on so that the ball at the end of a tendril may have as many as fifty or sixty fibres imbedded in it, crossing each other in different directions.

The tendrils of the Virginia creeper may here be worth noticing. This plant can climb up a flat wall, and is not adapted to seize sticks or twigs; its tendrils do occasionally curl round a stick, but they often let go again. They, like the bignonia tendrils, are sensitive to the light, and grow away from it, and thus easily find out where the wall lies, up which they have to climb. A tendril which has come against the wall is often seen to rise and come down afresh, as if not satisfied with its first position. In a few days after a tendril has touched a wall the tip swells up, becomes red, and forms one of the little feet or sticky cushions by which the tendrils adhere. The adherence is caused by a resinous cement

secreted by the cushions, and which forms a strong bond of union between the wall and the tendril. After the tendril has become attached it becomes woody, and is in this state remarkably durable, and may remain firmly attached and quite strong, for as many as fifteen years.

Besides this sense of touch, by which a bignonia tendril distinguishes between the objects which it touches, there are other instances of much more perfect and incomprehensible sensibility. Thus some tendrils, which are so sensitive that they curl up when a weight of one-thirtieth or even one-fiftieth of a grain is placed on them, do not take the least notice of a shower of rain whose falling drops must cause a much greater shock to the tendrils.

Again, some tendrils seem to have the power of distinguishing between objects which they wish to seize, and their brother tendrils which they do not wish to catch. A tendril may be drawn repeatedly over another without causing the latter to contract.

The tendrils of another excellent climber, *Cobæa scandens*, possess some curious properties. The tendrils are much divided, and end in delicate branchlets, as thin as bristles, and very flexible, each bearing a minute double hook at its tip. These are formed of a hard, woody substance, and are as sharp as needles; a single tendril may bear between ninety and a hundred of these beautiful little grappling-hooks. The flexibility of the tendrils is of service in allowing them to be blown about by a breath of wind, and they can thus be made to seize hold of objects which are out of reach of the ordinary revolving movements. Many tendrils can only seize a stick by curling round it, and this even in the most sensitive tendril must take a minute or two; but with *Cobæa* the sharp hooks catch hold of little irregularities on the bark the moment the tendril comes into contact with it, and afterwards the tendril can curl round and make the attachment permanent. The importance of this power of temporary attachment is shown by placing a glass rod near a *Cobæa* plant. Under these conditions the tendrils always fail to get hold of the glass, on which its grapple-like hooks cannot seize.

The movement of the little hook-bearing branches is very remarkable in this species. If a tendril catches an object with one or two hooks, it is not contented,

but tries to attach the rest of them in the same way. Now many of the branches will chance to be so placed that their hooks do not naturally catch, either because they come laterally, or with their blunt backs against the wood, but after a short time, by a process of twisting and adjusting, each little hook becomes turned, so that its sharp point can get a hold on the wood.

The sharp hook on the tendrils of *Cobæa* is only a very perfect form of the bluntly curved tip which many tendrils possess, and which serves the same purpose of temporarily holding the object caught until the tendril can curl over and make it secure. There is a curious proof of the usefulness of even this blunt hook in the fact that the tendril is only sensitive to a touch on the inside of the hook. The tendril, when it comes against a twig, always slips up it till the hook catches on it, so that it would be of no use to be sensitive on the convex side. Some tendrils, on the other hand, have no hook at the end, and here the tendrils are sensitive to a touch on any side. These tendrils led my father at first into a curious mistake, which he mentions in his book. He pinched a tendril gently in his fingers, and finding that it did not move, concluded it was not sensitive. But the fact was that the tendril being touched on two sides at once, did not know which stimulus to obey, and therefore remained motionless. It was in reality extremely sensitive to a touch on any one of its sides.

There is a remarkable movement which occurs in tendrils after they have caught an object, and which renders a tendril a better climbing organ than any sensitive leaf. This movement is called the "spiral contraction." When a tendril first seizes an object it is quite straight, with the exception of the extreme tip, which is firmly curled round the object seized. But in a day or two the tendril begins to contract, and ultimately assumes a corkscrew-like form. It is clear that in spirally contracting the tendril has become considerably shorter; and since the end of the tendril is fixed to a branch, it is obvious that the stem must be dragged nearer to the object which its tendril has caught. Thus, if a shoot of bryony seizes a support above it, the contraction of the tendril will pull up the shoot in the right direction. So that in this respect the power of spiral contraction gives a tendril-climber an advantage over leaf-climbers which have no contracting power, and therefore

no means of hauling themselves up to supporting objects.

But the spiral contraction of tendrils has another use, and this is probably the most important one. This use depends on the fact that a contracted tendril acts like a spiral spring, and is thus converted into a yielding, instead of an unyielding, body. The spirally-wound tendril yields like an elastic thread to a pull which would break the tendril in its original condition. The meaning of this arrangement is to enable the plant to weather a gale which would tear it from its support by snapping the tendrils, if they were not converted into spiral springs.

My father describes how he went in a gale of wind to watch the bryony on an exposed hedge, and how, in spite of the violent wind which tossed the branches of the plant about, the bryony safely rode out the gale, "like a ship with two anchors down, and with a long range of cable a-head, to serve as a spring as she surges to the storm." It may also serve to divide the weight which has to be supported equally among a number of tendrils; and this is the meaning of the spiral contraction seen in the tendrils of the Virginia creeper.

All the coils of the spiral are not in the same direction. First, there are two in one direction, then six in the other, and then three again in the first direction, making six turns in one way and five in the other. And this is universally the case; the turns in one direction are always approximately equal in number to those in the opposite direction. It can be shown to be a mechanical necessity that a tendril which has its two ends fixed, and which then coils into a spiral, should behave in this way.

A simple model made to show this mechanical necessity is described by Sachs in his text-book. It is made by stretching a strip of india-rubber and cementing it to an unstretched strip. The strips being united in a state of longitudinal strain, form a spiral when released. If the model is held by one end only, the turns of the spiral are all in one direction. And this represents the behavior of a tendril which has not managed to seize a support; for some unknown reason such tendrils contract into spirals, and the turns of such spirals are all in one direction. But if the india-rubber is held at both ends, half the turns are in one direction, half in the other, just as with a tendril the same thing happens.

Now let us consider the general rela-

tions that exist between twining plants, leaf-climbing plants, and tendril-climbing plants. To an evolutionist the question how these various classes of climbing plants have been developed is perhaps of most interest. What is the relationship between them? Have all classes been developed separately from ordinary non-climbing plants, or has one class been developed out of one of the others; and if so, which is the oldest form of climbing plant? There can be little doubt on this latter point. I think we may certainly say that the earliest form which existed was a twining plant. We see that twining plants do not possess the essential feature of leaf or tendril bearers, namely, the sensitiveness to a touch, which enables a leaf or tendril to grasp a stick. But, on the other hand, most leaf and tendril climbers do possess the essential quality of a twiner—the power of revolving or swinging round, which exists in the shoots, leaves, or tendrils of so many of them. This power of revolving merely serves in some leaf and tendril climbers to carry on the search for supports; but other leaf and tendril climbers, as we have seen, do actually wind spirally round a stick exactly like a true twiner. How twiners originally obtained their power of swinging round we need not now inquire; it seems to me merely an increase of a similar movement which is found to occur in a meaningless manner in other plants. Thus several flower-stems have been observed bowing themselves over and swinging round in small circles, like climbing plants. Here the movement is merely an unintelligible concomitant of growth, for, as we see, the movement is of no advantage to the flower-stem. But the existence of this movement is of great interest to us, for it shows how a twining plant might be developed by a similar movement being found to be advantageous, and being increased by natural selection to the requisite extent.

Another question which may occur to us is this: in what way is climbing by leaves or tendrils a more perfect method than twining? Why, when a plant had become a twining plant, did it not rest satisfied? The fact that leaf and tendril climbers have been developed out of twiners, and not *vice versa*, is a proof that climbing by leaves or tendrils is a more advantageous habit than twining; but we do not see why it should be so. If we inquire why *any* plant has become a climber, we shall see the reason. Light is a necessity for all green plants; and a

plant which can climb is enabled to escape from the shadow of other plants with a far less waste of material than a forest-tree, which only pushes its branches into the light by sheer growth. Thus the weak, straggling stem of a climbing plant gets all the advantages gained by the solid, column-like tree-trunk. If we apply this test,—which is the most economical plan of climbing twining, or leaf-climbing?—we see at once that a plant which climbs by seizing wastes far less material than one which twines. Thus a kidney-bean which had climbed up a stick to a height of two feet, when unwound from its support was found to be three feet in length, whereas a pea which had climbed up two feet by its tendrils was hardly longer than the height reached. Thus the bean had wasted considerably more material by its method of climbing by twining round a stick, instead of going straight up, supported by its tendrils, like the pea. There are several other ways in which climbing by tendrils is a much better plan than twining. It is a safer method, as any one may convince himself by comparing the security of a tendril-bearer in a heavy wind, with the ease with which a twiner is partly blown from its support. Again, by looking at those leaf-climbing plants which still possess in addition the power of twining, it will be seen how incomparably better they grasp a stick than does a simple twiner. And again, a twiner from being best fitted to climb bare stems often has to start in the shade, whereas a leaf or tendril climber can ramble for the whole extent of its growth up the sunny side of a bush.

We can thus see plainly how it has been an advantage for twining plants to develop into leaf-climbers. We shall also find reasons why a leaf-climber should find it advantageous to become a tendril-climber.

We have seen how tendrils form a more sensitive, efficient grasping organ, than simple leaves. Tendrils possess also the valuable power of shortening themselves by spirally contracting, and thus pulling up after them the stem on which they grow; and afterwards serving as springs and breaking the force of the wind. We have had some cases where we see the close relationship between leaf and tendril climbers, and where we can see intermediate stages in the process of transition from one method of climbing to the other.

In certain kinds of *Fumaria* we can follow the whole process. Thus we have

one kind, which is a pure leaf-climber, grasping by its leaf-stalks, which bear leaflets not at all reduced in size. A second genus has the end leaflets very much smaller than the rest. A third kind has the leaflets reduced to microscopical dimensions; and lastly, a fourth kind has true and perfect tendrils. If we could see the ancestors of this last kind we should undoubtedly have a series of forms connecting it with an extinct leaf-climber, resembling the series which at present connects it with its contemporary leaf-climbing relatives.

To repeat once more the steps which it is believed have occurred in the evolution of climbing plants. It is probable that plants have become twiners by exaggerating a swinging-round or revolving movement, which occurred in a rudimentary form, and in a useless condition, in some of their ancestors. This movement has been utilized for twining, the stimulus which has driven the process of change in this direction having been the necessity for light.

The second stage has been the development of sensitive leaves by a twining plant. No doubt at first no leaf-climber depended entirely upon its leaves, it was merely a twiner which helped itself by its leaves. Gradually the leaves became more perfect, and then the plant could leave off the wasteful plan of growing spirally up a stick, and adopt the more economical and more effective one of pure leaf-climbing.

Finally, from sensitive leaves were developed the marvellously perfect tendrils which can perceive one-fiftieth of a grain, and can show distinct curvature within twenty-five seconds after being touched, tendrils with delicate, sticky ends, or endowed with the power of moving towards the dark, or of creeping into little cracks, or with that mysterious sense of touch by which a tendril can distinguish a brother tendril from an ordinary twig, and can distinguish the weight of a drop of rain hanging to it from a bit of thread—in short, all the delicate contrivances which place tendril-bearers so eminently at the head of the climbing plants.

There is only one more fact connected with the evolution of climbing plants which must be alluded to, namely, the curious way in which the representatives of the class are scattered throughout the vegetable kingdom. Lindley divided flowering plants into fifty-nine classes, called alliances, and in no less than thirty-five of these climbing plants are found. This

fact shows two things: first, how strong has been the motive power—the search after light—which has driven so many distinct kinds of plants to become climbers; secondly, that the power of revolving, which is the first step in the ladder of development of the power of climbing, is present in an undeveloped state in almost every plant in the vegetable series.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

COUNTRY LIFE IN PORTUGAL.

THERE has been some stagnation in the book-market this season, and we are the more inclined to feel grateful towards authors who have come forward with contributions to enliven the dullness. But Mr. Crawford, with his "Portugal Old and New,"* needs no stretch of kindly consideration. In this book we have at least one volume of travel which is singularly thoughtful and instructive. Though in speaking of his "Portugal" as a book of travel, we may possibly give a somewhat false impression of it. It is rather the fruit of many wanderings through the country, and of the varied experiences and information he has accumulated in the course of prolonged residence. It is a kind of encyclopædia of spirited sketches—historical, literary, and archæological; political, agricultural, and social. It would be impossible, in the limits of one short article, to follow the writer to any good purpose over the comprehensive range of subjects he has himself been compelled to condense; and accordingly, it is with Portugal and the Portuguese in the more picturesque aspects of rural scenery and manners that we propose chiefly to concern ourselves.

Considering the intimate political relations we have long maintained with it, and that the bar of the Tagus and the Rock of Lisbon lie within three and a half days' steaming of the Solent, Portugal is a country of which we are strangely ignorant. Englishmen generally have a vague idea that we carry on a very considerable import trade in port wine, cattle, and those delicately-flavored onions that come in so admirably with saddle of mutton. Historically, they have heard of the memorable earthquake; of the famous defence of the lines of Torres Vedras, and

* Portugal Old and New. By Oswald Crawford, her Majesty's consul at Oporto; Author of "Latoche's Travels in Portugal." London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1886.

possibly of the hard-fought battle of Busaco, and the dashing passage of the Douro. They may even remember that Napier saved a dynasty as the genius of the great duke assured the independence of the nation. And not a few of them have reason to be aware that the Portuguese are under other obligations to us, besides those that are more or less sentimental, since of a funded debt of nearly £80,000,000 a large proportion must be held in England. They have heard something, besides, of the beauties of Portuguese scenery. Byron sang the praises of Cintra—a spot, by the way, that has been extravagantly overrated, where Bedford, dreaming of Arabian Nights, raised a palace-villa of *rococo* magnificence, among the cliffs he turned into terraced gardens and clothed in a blaze of rare exotics. Many a British passenger outward bound has driven round the parks and gardens of Lisbon, and climbed the streets to the points of view that command the course of the yellow Tagus. But there our acquaintance with the country ends; and for that it must be confessed there are plausible reasons, to some of which Mr. Crawford adverts. The scenery, though often striking and occasionally singularly beautiful, is seldom sublime; while there are great tracts of tame and sombre forest, broken ranges of rugged and repulsive *sierras*, broad stretches of what the Spaniards call *dehesas* and *depoplados*; and in Algarve, the most southerly province, bristling wastes of scrub-covered sand, which give one a very tolerable notion of the inhospitable deserts of Africa. The climate in the fine season is trying to foreigners; and the late autumn, which is perhaps the most agreeable season of the year, has the evanescence with the beauty of the "Indian summer." The inns are primitive, and scattered about at haphazard; the roads are unpleasantly dusty when it is dry, and may be well-nigh impracticable when the rains are descending in a deluge; and the travelling arrangements are such as might be expected in a land whose inhabitants are the reverse of restless. Above all, there is the difficulty of making one's self understood, to say nothing of conversing pleasantly and fluently. Mr. Crawford, who doubtless knows the language well, pronounces it one of the most difficult in Europe; nor do previous acquirements in Latin, French, etc., go far towards even lifting you over the threshold. All that notwithstanding, Portugal is a fascinating and

interesting country; and if the tourist must make up his mind to discomforts, and must almost necessarily resign himself to a preliminary education, yet he will find that he has many compensating pleasures, and that some study of the language will be richly rewarded.

It is the tourist who is the father of the luxuries of travel; and accommodation grows up on the track of those passing strangers who follow the highroads of commerce or pleasure. But Portugal, as it happens, lies in a corner of the Peninsula, and, except for the vessels that coast its seaboard, on the way to nowhere in particular. Consequently, the Portuguese have been much left to themselves, save by the little colony of English merchants who make their living or their fortunes out of the vintages of the Douro. There have been times when the forbidding strength of their natural fastnesses has served the inhabitants of the hill districts well. They held their own in the northern provinces against the aggressions of the Moors, when the waves of the Saracenic invasion were surging over Spain to the Pyrenees, as Mr. Crawford describes in his opening chapter. And in the wars of the beginning of the present century, the flying detachments of invading columns seldom dared to straggle far from the main body. Napier gives a most vivid picture of the difficulties of Junot's march from Alcantara on Lisbon in 1808. By the by, and by way of confirming our assertions as to the ignorance of the ordinary Briton on the subject of Portuguese geography, we may quote Mr. M'Corkindale's remark in Aytoun's "Glenmutchkin Railway," when suggesting the feasibility of an "Alcantara Union" scheme: "Hang me," says Bob, "if I know whether Alcantara is in Spain or Portugal! but nobody else does." Begging pardon for the parenthesis, we return to General Napier; and what he writes is this: "Nature alone had opposed his progress; but such were the hardships his army had endured, that of a column which had numbered twenty-five thousand men, two thousand tired grenadiers only entered Lisbon with their general: fatigue and want and tempests had scattered the remainder along two hundred miles of rugged mountains, inhabited by a warlike and ferocious peasantry, well acquainted with the strength of their fastnesses, and proud of many successful defences made by their forefathers against former invaders." When the country was evacuated by the condensing armies,

brigandage sprang into a flourishing institution. Disbanded levies, who had been demoralized and unfitted for peaceful labor, took naturally to a light and congenial occupation; and after the civil war, which came to an end with the submission of Don Miguel, brigandage was more thriving than ever. Borrow, who made his start from Lisbon on his way to carry the Bible into Spain, narrates some travelling experiences which were more exciting than agreeable. Personally he escaped by the good fortune which never failed him; but everywhere he tells of armed escorts, of innkeepers notoriously in league with the enemy, and of districts in the immediate vicinity of cities habitually terrorized by the robber bands. The mystery is how the ruffians managed to get a living out of a population at once panic-stricken and poverty-stricken; for when wayfarers ventured to stir abroad, they gathered in bodies for mutual protection. It is certain that any wealthy stranger, compelled to book his place beforehand by the post, or to ride on horseback by easy stages, would have had his approaching advent heralded in advance, and must have regularly run the gauntlet of ambushes. No wonder that tourists were rare, and that those who, like Lord Carnarvon, visited Portugal even a little later, made a literary reputation on the strength of their daring.

But now all that is entirely changed. Mr. Crawford mentions as a matter of course, and in favorable contrast with the adjacent Spain, that brigandage has ceased out of the land. As for the "ferocious peasants" of Napier, who had their bristles raised to resent the Gallic invasion, if they are not become positively refined in their manners, at all events they are exceedingly friendly to strangers. If you are benighted, and gone astray, as may well befall you, you are sure of getting shelter somewhere, or of being courteously directed on your way with no peremptory demand on your purse, or your saddle-bags. Hospitality, indeed, is a Portuguese virtue, as it is of most simple-minded peoples, who live in comfort, if not in affluence. Mr. Crawford, and Borrow too, recall grateful memories of chance acquaintances who welcomed them heartily to their homes, placing the houses, with their contents, absolutely at their disposal, and by no means, like the Spaniards, as a matter of form. And it must be no slight ease to the anxious mind to know that, should the worst come to the worst, you may hope to find a friend

in the first human being you meet. For when travelling on horseback, as you will naturally choose to do, you may easily lose yourself in a labyrinth of tracks, when the "highroad" buries itself in the cover of the woodlands or strikes across wastes of heath or sand. The accommodation of the public conveyances is simple purgatory, where you are penned up in the stifling interior, and dare hardly let down the rickety glasses under pain of being suffocated by the penetrating dust; while, on the other hand, there must be times of exhilaration or rapture in each day passed in the saddle. The glare of the noonday sun may be terrible; the afternoon atmosphere may be sultry in the extreme; your horse may hang heavy on your tired bridle-hand, and trip and stumble as he drags listlessly along. But horse and rider revive together as they emerge from close bedchamber and stall to the crisp air of early morning; as they leave the sun-glare for the forest shade, cooled by the rush of the air down the bed of the torrent beside you; or as the freshening breeze springs up at evening, when the sunset is glowing on the distant horizon, and shimmering on the pine-tops in burnished gold. And how good a thing is the midday siesta! Not that siesta described by Mr. Crawford, when you withdraw into the darkness of some inner chamber to escape the intolerable nuisance of the flies, which are always most lively and aggressive in the light; but the repose under the green covering of the branches when, after the frugal midday meal, the half-smoked cigar slips from your lips, and when you are lulled to sleep by soporifics in the hum of the bees, and the balmy fragrance of the oozing resin.

In the most civilized countries of tourist-haunted Europe, the beggar and the professional showman are prominent figures in the landscapes. In Italy the mendicants swarm in every gorge, replacing the banditti who have been hunted down by the *bersaglieri*. In Switzerland they beset you at each pass and *col*, whining at your heels as you enter the villages and leave them. Even in Germany, where "the begging is *'am strengsten verboten,'*" they make silent appeals while the carriage changes horses, and limp nimbly along at the side by the fore-wheel, where they have you at an advantage when pulling up a steep. In the rural districts of Portugal there is no nuisance of the kind. An excellent system of voluntary relief generally supersedes the hard imposition

of our poor rates: the country is decidedly under-populated, and the peasants, for the most part, are well to do. In some provinces they are worse off than in others; but everywhere they are well fed and comfortably clothed; while in the more fertile and populous parts of the north they may be said to be relatively rich. What should we think of a laborer in this country whose wife carried golden ornaments on her person of a Sunday of the value of from £5 to £20? And the good-man himself has his gay *vesta* clothing, with buttons of silver on glossy velvet, and rejoices in the dandyism of a spotless white shirt-front, lighted up by a gold stud in the central frill. He works hard, to be sure: sometimes his toil, in the long days of midsummer, will extend to sixteen hours; but then, like our own hard-working colliers and miners, he lives uncommonly well. He can even afford to be something of an epicure, and he rejoices in a variety of diet that our laborers might well envy. His bill of fare includes beef and bacon, dried cod-fish—which is the common delicacy of all classes—lard, bread, and rice, olives and olive-oil, with a luxurious profusion of succulent vegetables. He is allowed gourds and cabbages *à discretion*, nor can anything be more suitable to a sultry climate. And, like the Frenchman, and his nearer neighbor the Spaniard, he is always something of a cook. Not that he has studied refinements of *cuisine*; but he can dress the simple ingredients of his banquets in a fashion that is inimitable so far as it goes. The belated wayfarer, who is asked to sit down to the stew that has been slowly simmering in the pipkin over the embers—it is, in fact, the Spanish *olla podrida*—has, assuredly, no reason to complain. Then his wine, though it is “green,” and potent, and heady, and only to be appreciated by one born to the use of it, is infinitely superior to the adulterated beer the Englishman buys at the village “public.” As Mr. Crawford remarks, “It is meat and drink to him; and while its strength recruits exhausted nature, its acidity is most grateful to the parched palate.”

The amateurs of strange superstitions will find them in abundance among a race of uneducated rustics who live much apart, and whose minds are naturally tinged by the sombre character of their surroundings. The peasant who drives his ox-cart in the dusk through the gloomy shadows of the pine forest; the shepherd who sleeps among his flocks in the bleak

solitudes of the mountains,—hear wild voices in the shrieks and sighings of the wind, and see phantoms in the waving of the boughs, and the dashing of the water-falls down the rocks. The belief in ghosts is very general; but the most fantastic of the prevalent superstitions is that of the *lobis-homen* or *wehrwolf*. It is an article of firm faith in most rural households, that there are beings who are doomed, or permitted by the powers of evil, to transform themselves periodically into wolves, with the bloodthirsty instincts of the animal. Introduced into the service of some unsuspecting family, they have rare opportunities of worrying the children. In his former volume of “Travels in Portugal,” Mr. Crawford gives one most characteristic legend of the kind, related to him circumstantially by a respectable farmer. A superstition which ought to be more embarrassing to travellers, which is universal in Oriental countries, and which the Portuguese may possibly have inherited from the Moors, is that of the existence of hidden treasures. Archaeological researches would probably be set down to a hunt after buried gold, in which the stranger was guided by supernatural intelligence. And it must be remarked that the Portuguese are confirmed in that fancy by incidents of treasure-trove from time to time. It is an undoubted fact that, in the troubles of the country, considerable quantities of valuables were concealed by fugitives who never came back to reclaim them.

A thriving and representative class in Portugal is that of the small landed proprietors, answering to our yeomen, and ranking a degree or two above the laborer. In the length of a country which experiences almost every variety of climate, from the storm-swept mountain-ranges in the north, down to semi-tropical Algarve on the Atlantic, there are several different systems of land-tenure, which Mr. Crawford minutely describes. Among the most characteristic of these, as he says, is that of the “emphyteutic,” under which copy-holders, who are virtually owners of the land, sit permanently at fixed and moderate quit-rents. The story of their tenure is a curious one—mixed up as it is with the history of the country. Unfortunately we cannot go into it in detail; but briefly, it is the legacy of the prolonged struggle between the great land-owning corporations of the Church on the one hand, and their tenants, backed up by the crown, on the other. There was a time when those small farmers were

ground down by extortionate rack-rents, legal fines, and arbitrary exactions. Now they have been absolutely relieved of the latter; while, by the steadily increasing value of the holdings, the rack-rents have been reduced to moderate quit-rents. Take them all in all, they seem to be as enviable a body of men as agriculturists of similar station anywhere. But assuredly it is not their enterprise they have to thank for the easy circumstances that often amount to opulence. With a single exception, their system of farming has hardly altered in any respect, since they were liable, at any moment, to be called from their labors to repel the raids of their fierce neighbors beyond the Spanish frontier. That important exception is the introduction of maize, which, happening to suit both the soil and the climate, has materially increased the value of their produce. As for the implements of husbandry in common use, there can be nothing in the country more interesting to the antiquarian — not even excepting the Roman remains, which have here and there rewarded the investigations of archaeologists. In fact, the ploughs, harrows, and carts, have been handed down almost unaltered from generation to generation, since they were brought from Italy by the military colonists who followed the imperial eagles. So, by the way, the grape-growing, and the making of the wine beyond the limits of the famous districts on the Douro, are almost a repetition of processes in use in Latium when Horace used to amuse himself with his Sabine farming. The plough has but a single stilt, and neither coulter nor mould-board.

The harrow is also of the rudest construction, having fifteen to twenty teeth of iron or wood set quincunx fashion into a strong, oblong, square wooden framework with two cross-bars. Rollers are unknown; but as a substitute the harrow can be reversed and weighted with stones, and then drawn sledgewise over the land.

As for the cart, it creaks and groans on wheels of solid wood, without either spoke or iron tire, which are attached to the axle that painfully revolves with them. The "slow-moving wain" is dragged by sluggish oxen, yoked by the neck, and sometimes by the horns.

The conspicuous feature of Portuguese farming is the small capital with which it may be profitably carried on. The husbandman dispenses with drainage, for the soil being light and porous, the rainfall runs off only too quickly. Though he

raises cattle, he spends nothing on oil-cake — the animals, which are stall-fed for the most part, seeming to fatten kindly upon straw. As for the sheep, they are driven out to the hill-pastures; and the pig, though as popular in the kitchen and on the table, as it is politely ignored in respectable society, leaves much to desire in point of breeding. But if the bones are big and the bristles coarse, compared to our own "Hampshires" and "Berkshires," that is of the less consequence that the pork is reserved for home consumption. When the Portuguese does spend some money, it is on indispensable irrigation works, and these are simple. He leads the water on to his land through adits driven into the springs in the hills; or pumps it up in the circle of buckets attached to the primitive wheel. In most of the more level low-country districts maize is the staple article of growth, being often mixed in the sowing with some other cereal or vegetable.

The chief secret of the farmer's easy prosperity is in his being able to set our rules of rotation at defiance. Year after year, in the summer heats, the same land may be sown with the remunerative maize. He manages this upon shallow soil that is naturally the reverse of rich, by the use of two "simples," to borrow the phrase of the blacksmith who interviewed Sir Walter Scott when the poet visited Flodden Field; and these simples, in his case, are water and home-made manure. The fertilizing effects of water on friable soil under a semi-tropical sun are extraordinary (we have seen flourishing market-gardens in the environs of Alexandria on what seemed to be nothing but desert sand intermixed with the dust of crumbling masonry), and the land is enriched by a manner of manuring altogether peculiar to Portugal. Mr. Crawford believes it "to be the solution of the problem of the continuous corn-cropping," and thinks the idea might possibly be turned to some account by our own agriculturists. The straw is almost entirely used for cattle-food. The litter "is supplied by dried gorse, heather, and the various wild plants, such as bracken, cistus, rock-rose, bent-grass, and wild vetches, which usually grow in their company." Most farmers have a patch of wild forest land in the neighborhood; in other cases they have rights of cutting. The decaying manure made from that litter is extraordinarily potent, thanks to the power of the twigs and stems in absorbing gases and moisture; while the economy of a

plan is self-evident, by which all the straw grown on the land is returned to it.

But while everywhere in the more carefully cultivated districts you come on those snug peasant homesteads, there is no such thing to be seen as the counterpart of the English hall or manor-house. The Portuguese gentleman is emphatically a Cockney, and a Cockney of limited education and ideas. Having few mental resources, and no special taste for rural pursuits, he likes society in towns where he can take life easily among his equals. The great nobles who own wide tracts of territory, which are roughly farmed either by bailiffs, or by tenants who go shares with the proprietors in the produce, have their palaces in the capital or the great cities. Moreover, there are many mansions of no small pretensions in the provincial towns still inhabited by the representatives of old families in decay. The soldiers of fortune and the successful adventurers, who went to push their fortunes in the Brazils and the Indies, often came back with considerable wealth. Being generally men of humble origin, they did not care to repair with their fortunes to Lisbon, where they would have been eclipsed and looked down upon by the ancient nobility. They preferred to settle in the smaller towns, where they might become personages of consequence, and where money went a long way. So their descendants are still to be found, having taken rank with the aristocracy in course of generations, and forming so many out-of-the-world societies. Yet any change from those dead-alive places is welcome at the dullest season of the year, when the towns become intolerably hot; and the Portuguese are fond of playing at farming in their *villegiatura*, when the country is most pleasant in late summer and autumn. The life within doors is rough enough, and, in fact, turns into a perpetual picnic, where the inconveniences are faced with unflinching good-humor. As Mr. Crawford describes it, the Portuguese gentleman's country-seat must be much like those villas in the Apennines, where the bare bedchambers open from a bleak central hall, and the scanty furniture, though solid in its build, is nevertheless become rickety with the wear of generations. But then, except for purposes of sleeping and eating, one is almost independent of roof and walls. Are you not beneath skies of unchanging serenity? while you may lounge and laugh away your existence in sunshine that is tempered by the trellised shades

of intertwining vine-tendrils and luxuriant climbing plants. Like Bottom and his comrades in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," you may make each green brake your retiring, if not your tiring, room. Mr. Crawford professes to avoid picturesque description, and, indeed, he deals in it only too charily. So for once we extract one of his very occasional pictures, painting the surroundings of a villa of the highest class.

As in the case of the smaller villas, the house is connected with a farm, and the grounds and garden mingle in the same pleasant fashion with the appurtenances of the farmstead. A long, straight, overarching avenue of camellia and Seville orange-trees terminates in a broad, paved threshing-floor. In a little dell below the house, under a dense shadow of fig and loquat trees, is the huge water-wheel worked by six oxen, and raising a little river from the depths below. The terraced fields, the orange and olive groves, and the orchards, are all surrounded by broad walks, overshadowed by a heavy pleached trellis supporting vines, and here in the hottest summer day is cool walking in the grey half-shadow of the grapery overhead. Riuivets of water course along in stone channels by the side of every path and roadway, and the murmur of running waters—a sound of which the ear never tires in the south—is heard everywhere and always.

Those villas are so many *generalifes* on a small scale, — and any one who has passed some days at Grenada in the hot season, must remember the Oriental fascinations of that delicious retreat. Like the *generalife*, the grander of the Portuguese Edens have their grounds, with terraces and balustraded walks, fish ponds, and falling fountains. Acclimatization has been at work embellishing the gardens; and Mr. Crawford remarks how Portugal has been beautified by the exotics imported from her colonies and elsewhere, which have taken kindly to a congenial climate. None of these ornamental importations have the value of the homely maize, but they add a rare glory to the beautiful landscapes.

Camellias from Japan have long been the chief ornament of every garden, growing to the size of apple-trees in England. The loquat from China surpasses, as a giver of shade, the fig itself. . . . The gum-trees of Australia, and especially the blue-gum (*Eucalyptus globulus*, the fever-tree), have positively altered the aspect of the more inhabited parts of the country within the last twenty years, so that a modern painter, to make a characteristic landscape, must needs introduce into the picture this species of gum-tree, with its slender, polished trunk, its upright branch-growth against the sky-line, and its long, drooping leaves, rich

in winter-time, with a mellow splendor of russet red and yellow.

Again, there is the *Bella sombra*, a large forest tree from Brazil, which has taken most kindly to Portuguese soil and climate; but finest of the imported trees is the great-flowered magnolia from Carolina and Central America—a forest giant in its native lands, and, where it finds a damp and congenial soil, nothing less in size in this country. The age of the very oldest magnolia in Portugal cannot exceed a hundred and twenty years, and yet already some of them tower to a height exceeding that of the tallest English oak-tree, rearing aloft huge clouds of shining, laurel-like leafage, starred here and there in spring and summer time with their great white and scented blossoms.

So when the Portuguese go to the country in the autumn, they go to lay in health for the rest of the year. They carry no books with them—indeed they have few to bring—and the precarious arrival of the post is a matter of serene indifference. They lounge away the long day out of doors, in those glorious natural shrubberies, in their gardens, vineyards, olive-yards, and orangeries. It is a somewhat tame life, though a healthy one, for its pleasures, such as they are, are strictly confined to the home circle. It is not the fashion to fill the houses with young men to flirt and play lawn-tennis with the daughters of the household; and to bright-eyed beauties it must seem an abuse of the blessings of Providence to sit alone, or in the company of father and brother, in the scented bowers of those umbrageous magnolias. But there are occasions when the head of the family forgathers with his friends and neighbors. The Portuguese landed proprietor is a sportsman in his way, and gets up *battues* in the peculiar fashion of his country. There are districts where the wolves which haunt the forests go about on the prowl in the winter snows, and they are excessively destructive to the flocks in the lambing season. They kill more than they carry away, and worry out of pure mischief. And it might be well worth while to get up a grand hunt, such as is common in the woodlands of Brittany, to which the whole country rallies *en masse*, armed promiscuously with anything from rifles to horse-pistols. Mr. Crawford does not describe anything of that kind; and his sporting pictures savor so much of caricature, that he has to make solemn attestation to their general fidelity. The Portuguese has excellent pointers of the stanch old Peninsular breed, but he cares little for solitary shooting over

dogs. What he likes is a great sporting *funcion*, where at least he is sure of plenty of fun and joviality. "His motto, if he have one, is the *greatest amusement of the greatest number (of men and dogs)*; . . . and to the sportsman's motto must be added, *with the least possible expenditure of game*." The covers ought to be excellent; there is every variety of wood and undergrowth; but as, apparently, there is no law of trespass, and as any one may carry a gun who takes out a ten-shilling license, naturally there is no superabundance of game. On the other hand, the liberality of Portuguese ideas makes anything a prize that can be brought to bag, from a fox or hare down to a blackbird.

A dozen or so of gentlemen turn up at the meeting-place. Half of them are equipped with firearms—generally the cheapest productions of Liege or Birmingham; the other half are provided with quarter-staves. The pack is a more mixed lot than the masters—made up of "lurchers, terriers, greyhounds, and even pointers."

In a long and irregular line we range through the great pine forests or the chestnut woods, poking our sticks into the matted gorse and cistus, banging the tree-trunks with resounding blows that echo among the hollow forest aisles. The dogs hunt a little; wrangle, bark, and fight a good deal, and would do so still more but for the occasional flight in their midst of a well-directed cow-stick.

A special providence seems to throw its protection over the party, otherwise there could hardly fail to be an accident in the heavy cross-firing, when anything happens to be started or flushed. It is true, those incidents are rare enough, but then they are all the more thrilling when they do happen. Now a woodcock will get up, or an owl that is mistaken for a cock. Now it is a fox that presents an easier mark; but the most common objects of excitement are the rabbits, which in size seem to resemble the English rat. The odds are rather against the more lumbering hares getting away, since they have to clear the jaws of the mongrel pack that are ranging everywhere around, and may probably, be caught and "chopped" in the thickets. Not that it makes the smallest difference to the dogs, who are equally keen upon the hares alive or dead. You must be quick indeed if you are to secure the unmangled carcass of hare or rabbit that has dropped to the volleys,—so much so, that stout needles and pack-thread are a recognized

part of the sportsman's equipment. The tattered fragments of the game are rescued from the pack by a free use of expostulations and quarter-staves; and then they are cleverly stitched together and deposited in a bag brought for the purpose. It is a primitive way of amusing one's self, and scarcely *selon les règles*, according to our English notions. But foreigners are radicals in matters of sport; and after all, when healthful recreation is the main object, there may be more ways than one of arriving at it. Some people might say that there was more of manly amusement in a long day's ranging through the wild forest, than in firing point-blank at home-bred hares, and potting the simple hand-fed pheasants, which have been beguiled into a fond faith in man's humanity. In England, the "big days" usually come off at a season when you may be soaked, or chilled to the bone, as you stand kicking your heels in the mud at the cover-corners. In Portugal you are exhilarated by the buoyant atmosphere, and by the fresh aromatic odors of the flowering shrubs that fill the air with balmy fragrance as you crush them under your feet.

The chapter in which Mr. Crawford sings the praises of port will have a charm for many a venerable *bon vivant*. It is a valuable contribution to the history of a wine which has had extraordinary ups and downs in popular estimation. Among the many extremely suggestive points which he makes, is one relating to the famous vintage of 1820. A proof it is, as he tells the story, of the short-sighted vision of the most intelligent experts. Growers and merchants hailed that memorable year as one that must spread the reputation of their wares, as it went far towards making some hand some fortunes. Never had they shipped more luscious wine; and it had all the qualities that improve with keeping. It "was as sweet as syrup, and nearly as black as ink; it was full of naturally-formed alcohol, and of all the vinous constituents, most of them far beyond the analysis of the ablest chemist, which go to make of wine a liquor differing from all other liquors." But its brilliant merits actually compromised the growers by introducing their best customers to an exceptional standard of excellence. Thenceforward would-be connoisseurs insisted upon a dark, sweet, and slightly spirituous wine before everything; and the genuine vintages of the Douro are ordinarily of a bright ruby tint. So the merchants had to doctor to suit the market; though

Mr. Crawford maintains, as a matter within his knowledge, that the doctoring was always done as innocuously as possible. Logwood was never used, for the simple reason that it is a dye that would not answer the purpose. Dried elder-berries were employed; but the elder-berry is harmless; and brandy was infused more freely than before, in order to check the fermentation of the must. But those who object to the introduction of such foreign elements as elder-berries, may take comfort from the information that they are gone out of use with a change in the fashion. The traditions of the 1820 wine, with its more or less spurious imitations, have been steadily dying out; and now the public are content with port of the natural garnet color. And if they do desire to have it darker, it is found that, in practice "there is a much cheaper dye and a far more beautiful one, always at hand in Portugal; it is the natural color of the darker varieties of the port-wine grape." In short, as Mr. Crawford sums up—and we must refer our readers to his pages for his full argument—"port wine is pure, because there is nothing so cheap as port wine itself to adulterate it with." We can only add, that we should find more satisfaction in his assurances had we less belief in the malevolent ingenuity of the chemical experts of Cete and Hamburg. The wines that are shipped from Oporto may be pure, but who shall answer for the ports of the ordinary dinner-table?

A word as to Portuguese inns and we are done, though perhaps they might have been brought in more naturally in the prologue than the epilogue. And as to these, we may remark, that either they or else the opinion of the author must have changed considerably for the better since he wrote his "Travels in Portugal." But from the facts he gives, we come to the conclusion that even in the small towns in the more out-of-the-way provinces, the traveller can have no great reason to complain. Even now he tells us that, comfort, after the ideal of it which we have come to form in England, is not to be found in these inns—the comfort, that is, which consists in neatness, warmth, bright hearths, plenty of carpets and arm-chairs, soft beds, bustling waiters, attentive porters, and smart chamber-maids. But then, in a hot climate, warmth, heavy carpets that harbor vermin, and soft beds in which you sink and swelter, are very far from being so desirable as when you have been shiver-

ing in chilly English fogs. After a rough day passed in the sunshine on horseback, though a cushioned elbow-chair might be a luxury, it is by no means indispensable. With comparative coolness under cover, you can sleep soundly anywhere; and the appetite, sharpened by riding, is independent of elaborate cookery. But really the *menu* of a Portuguese bill of fare, which you can command at five minutes' notice anywhere, is by no means unappetizing.

First they [the travellers] will have soup—a thin *consommé* of beef, with rice, cabbage, and probably peas, floating in it. This is followed by the piece of beef and the little piece of bacon which have made the soup; and as the soup is served up very hot, so is some degree of variety skilfully obtained by the *bouilli* always being half cold. Then follow several indescribable stews, very good to eat, but inscrutable as to their ingredients. After this, when one has ceased to expect it, comes fish broiled—almost always hake, which in Portuguese waters feeds on sardines, and is, therefore, a better fish than our British hake, which feeds less daintily; then rice made savory with gravy and herbs; after that come *beefs*—a dish fashionable in all parts of Portugal, and in whose name the Portuguese desire to do homage to our great nation—the word being a corruption of “beef-steaks,” and the thing itself quite as unlike what it imitates as its name. Then follow, in an order with which I cannot charge my memory, sweet

things, chiefly made of rice; the dinner invariably ending with a preserve of quince.

He must be fastidious indeed who cannot make a tolerable meal off such a variety of satisfying fare; and the traveller who is too curious as to the ingredients of his *entrées*, has mistaken his vocation, and should have stayed quietly at home. The lofty, bare, cool *salon* from which the sun has been excluded by thick wooden shutters, is, as Mr. Crawford observes, wonderfully soothing to the spirits when eye and brain have been strained in the sun-glare; and exercise in the air is the surest of soporifics, even when one is condemned to lie down on a pailasse of straw. It is true that Portuguese sociability shows itself in its most disagreeable aspect when a cheery society will prolong their conversation through the small hours in a suite of dormitories that are divided by the most flimsy of screens. But mischances like these may happen to any tourist; and when wandering in a country as interesting as Portugal, he must be content to accept the rough with the smooth. Upon the whole, the latter decidedly preponderates; and if he get over the initial difficulty of the language, and provide himself with introductions to the warm-hearted natives, we know not where, within easy reach of England, he could pass an autumn holiday more profitably.

THE HORRORS OF MUSIC.—We mark our disapprobation of the noise-loving qualities of Frenchmen by calling them “our lively neighbors,” but if we apply these words to “the people next door” it is with a ghastly facetiousness that masks a world of concentrated spite and hoarded venom appalling in these days of civilization. We are shocked at the immodesty that causes them to give publicity to their abortive efforts. We cannot understand their want of consideration for the feelings and comfort of others; we fail to imagine how they can derive enjoyment from such ill-assorted harmony (?); we are at a loss to comprehend why their common sense does not step in and put a check upon them. Our dilemma is excusable, and the horns of it are wide apart and grievously pointed. My facetious friend T. H. says that every man, when he is under an arch, thinks he can sing; echo is the cause of many a self-admiration. Now there are people who are born, who spend their existences, under an arch—a moral arch, I mean. To them, if their bent be musical, crescendos and diminuendos are fantastic adornments, time an unnecessary restriction, semitones needless refine-

ments. They thump, they bang, they bellow, they roar, they shout, they scream, they squeal. But to them the meanest, the most erratic, sound they make is better than heaven's sweetest music. It is trying to listen to the facile, well-connected amateur who dashes off a *pot-pourri* of the popular airs of the day. It is trying to detect the labored efforts of the humble, untiring, untalented student, who is ever striving, ever failing, to attain the correct rendering of a well-known classical composition. But, reader, have you ever lived next door to a family of orthodox ladies who every afternoon sing a selection of “Hymns Ancient and Modern,” artfully so contrived that there is at least one note in each tune half a tone beyond the compass of the performer's voice? Why is it—I submit it to you—why is it that all musicians, good as well as bad, are prouder of their extreme notes than of any other portion of their voice? Why should the bass be ever struggling to perform feats natural to the tenor? why should the soprano be constantly endeavoring to commit larceny on the property of the contralto?

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